MITHRIDATES King of Pontus,

A

TRAGEDY:

Acted at the

Theatre Royal,

By their Majeſtie's Servants.

Written by *NAT. LEE.*

Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compreſſa quieſcent.
Virgil. Georg. l. 4.

Licenſed *March* 28. 1678.
ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

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To the Right Honourable

CHARLES,

Earl of *DORSET* & *MIDDLESEX*,

One of the Gentlemen of His

MAJESTIES

BED-CHAMBER, &c.

My Lord,

WHen I call to mind what I have obſerv'd of your Wit and Judgment, the trueſt and moſt impartial I ever knew, my thoughts of writing after my looſe manner to your Lordſhip are a little daſh'd, and the meaneſt of 'em has the ſenſe to tell me, I ought to be as curious and correct in a Dedication to one Man, as in that of a Play to a whole Nation. There is, no doubt, a Tranſport in ev'ry Poet who writes an Epiſtle, but for the moſt part they are dazl'd with the Eminence of their Patrons, and at beſt we can but call it an Awful Delight. But I profeſs, what thoſe, to whom I am diſagreeable, will impute to want of Modeſty, I make this Tragedy an Off'ring to your Lordſhip with as much freedom, pleaſure, and perfect ſatisfaction, as ever *Mithridates* receiv'd when he found himſelf in the Arms of his Faireſt Miſtreſs. You ſtand equal with the Greateſt, and your Quality ſhould cauſe a Dread in the hardieſt Writers: But on the other hand, there is ſuch an innate ſweetneſs of temper, ſuch a moſt remarkable goodneſs in all your Actions, a Character peculiar to you, more than any man alive, that the meaneſt, modeſteſt of Poets may approach you. Methinks, I feel a ſort of chearful ſpringing Pride, when I ſee your Lordſhip ſtand forth to this laſt Birth, which ſure, if I had ever any lovely, is much the Faireſt Child. Happy Fortune muſt attend it, and Heav'n and Earth be pleas'd where you approve. I accoſt you, my Lord, without Formality, and wou'd appear before the ſevereſt Judge in the plaineſt Garb, or rather nakedneſs of

 thought;

thought, as ſome, and thoſe not of the leaſt courage, go to the moſt bloody Teſt of valour, all unarm'd. An over-care in things of this nature does often turn to affectation, and what was meant a Guard, proves an Encumbrance. We may ſtiff'n our imaginations with making 'em too quaint; and poliſh, till we are nothing elſe but gloſs: I am infinitely pleas'd, to be as plain as I can, nor care I how it pleaſes others, tho I am ſure it does, that I have laid this Play at your Lordſhips feet. All my acquaintance, that wiſh me well, applaud my choice; for I may ſafely affirm by the judgment of the Town, without being cenſur'd for a Dawber, there's not a man whom all men love but you, you are beheld in all the Company you Honour, as if you were the Genius of that Prince who was call'd the *Delight of Mankind*, and are ador'd with all the Love and admiration which e're the Noble *Titus* found in *Rome*. *Ziphares* is an imperfect Figure of your ſelf; I caſt him in your Mould, and faſhion'd him, as well as my weak Fancy cou'd, to that Perfection the Court ſo univerſally allows you: When I deſign'd to draw him for the Ladies, endearing, ſoft, and paſſionately loving, I thought on you, and found the way to Charm 'em. And 'tis moſt certain, he who obliges thoſe Fair Criticks to be of his Party, has the ſureſt Cards that ever Poet plaid: I cannot but own the Honours they have done me, and entreat your Lordſhip to ſecure 'em my Friends. There is yet a greater Honour I wou'd beg of your Lordſhip, and ſo important, I cannot name it without apprehenſion: *Mithridates*, being in your hands, deſires to be laid at the Feet of the Queen. Her Majeſty, who is the Sublimeſt Goodneſs, and moſt merciful Vertue that ever bleſt a Land, has been pleas'd to grace him with her Preſence, and promis'd it again with ſuch particular praiſes, the effects of her pure Bounty, that ſhou'd he not expreſs his Gratitude, almoſt to Adoration, he wou'd deſerve another Fate, when he is next repreſented, than what he has hitherto receiv'd.

I have indeavour'd in this Tragedy to mix *Shakeſpear* with *Fletcher*, the thoughts of the former, for Majeſty and true *Roman* Greatneſs, and the ſoftneſs and paſſionate expreſſions of the latter, which makes up half the Beauties, are never to be match'd: How have I then endeavour'd to be like 'em? O faint Reſemblance! As *Pizarro* ſays of the *Mexicans*,

——*And thoſe who now remain,*
Appear but as the Shadows of the Slain.

It

It may be objected, I broke the *Scenes* in the beginning of the Third and Fifth Acts; thoſe, who are ſo nicely curious to be offended at this over-ſight, may for their ſatisfaction leave 'em out, and the Play will be entire. I apply my ſelf to your Lordſhip, as *Montaign* does to his Reader in his Chapter of Books; *I will*, ſays he, *love the man that ſhall trace me!* For I have many times found fault with an Expreſſion, as I pretended was in a Play of my own, and had it damn'd by no indifferent Criticks, tho the immortal *Shakeſpear* will not bluſh to own it. But I am confident your Lordſhip will find me out, and I deſire to be ſo found a Refiner on thoſe admirable Writers; the Ground is theirs, and all that ſerves to make a rich Embroidery! I hope the World will do me the Juſtice to think, I have diſguiz'd it into another faſhion more ſuitable to the Age we live in; for if I cou'd perſwade my ſelf there were nothing of mine extraordinary in the Play, I wou'd not have dedicated it to the beſt of Men.

——Mediocribus eſſe Poetis,
Non Dii, non homines, non conceſſere columnæ.

Here you muſt give me leave to tell the World, that Pillars and Altars too ought to be rais'd to your Lordſhip, if the greateſt Genius of Poetry deſerves 'em: Your thoughts, in ſome ſelect Poems I have ſeen, are rich and new, as the Golden *American* World, your Expreſſions juſtly ſtrong, your words Emphatical, as choſen men for an Enterprize of Glory: As it was obſerved of the Army of *Alexander* the *Great*, every Souldier look'd like a Commander, and every Commander like an *Alexander*; ſo in your admirable Draughts, all things are ſo excellent, we know not where to fix; we ſtand on Hills of ſo vaſt a breadth, that the Valleys are not ſeen; it looks like Heaven all about us, and Fancy is loſt in the infinite Beauty of the Proſpect: Your Writing dazles with clearneſs and Majeſty; you draw, like *Holbin*, without Shadows,

—Qui Genus humanum ingenio ſuperavit, & omnes
Præſtrinxit ſtellas, exortus uti Ætherius Sol.

Your Images are ſo great, we look like Dwarfs beneath you; and then ſo lively repreſented, tho of dead, low Objects, animated by your Genius,

——Credas ſimulacra moveri
Ferrea, cognatoque viros ſpirare metallo.

What

What e're you ſtamp is Royal, other Pretenders to *Satyr* but file and waſh, they live by the Clippings of your Wit, and dip their Silver in your Bath, to make it paſs for Gold. Self-preſervation bids me ſay no more of your Lordſhips Poetry, leſt I dam my own, who aim at nothing ſo much, as the Honour of being thought by your Lordſhip,

My Lord,

Your moſt Humble, Obedient,

and Devoted Servant,

NAT. LEE.

Perſons Repreſented;	By
Mithridates, King of *Pontus*.	Mr. *Mohun*.
Ziphares, } his Sons { *Pharnaces* }	M. *Hart*. M. *Goodman*.
Archelaus, General under *Ziphares*.	M. *Griffin*.
Pelopidas, } two Courtiers. { *Andravar*, }	M. *Winterſhul*. M. *Powell*.
Aquilius, a *Roman* Captive.	M. *Clark*.
Another *Roman* Officer.	M. *Wiltſhire*.
Iſmenes, Page to *Ziphares*.	
Monima, Contracted to *Mithridates*.	Mrs. *Corbet*.
Semandra, Daughter to *Archilaus*.	Mrs. *Boutel*.
Prieſts, and Attendants, } Mutes.	

Scene Synope.

PROLOGUE.

Not careful Leaders, when the Trumpets call
Their Martial Squadrons on, to ſtand or fall,
Toſs'd with more doubts, than careful Poets are
When vent'rous Wit for Sally does prepare;
When Humming Voices bid the Play begin,
And the laſt flouriſh calls the Prologue in.
Here you, like dreadful Warriours, judging ſit;
And, in full Council, try all Writers Wit.
To ſome, for Senſe Renown'd, our Authors bow;
And what you Doom, for a juſt Fate allow:
But ſure far leſs ſuch Judges Poets dread,
Than thoſe Raw Blades who will not let 'em Plead,
But, e're they can be heard, cry, ſhoot 'em dead.
Theſe Pyrats, that both arms and Wits debaſe;
Who Fields, and Poems with their Spleen, diſgrace,
Poets and Warriours both ſhou'd have in Chaſe:
Theſe Libellers who nobleſt Fights deſpiſe,
Yet, when a Pan but flaſhes, ſhut their Eyes.
Who write Lampoons, *and vilely get a Name*
By others Infamy, and live on ſhame;
Fifes, Whiſtlers, of the juſteſt Senſe, not fit
To be the Powder-Monkeys of true Wit:
Mimicks, like Apes, what's ill from heads they drain,
And live upon the Vermin of a brain.
Neglecting theſe, and truſting to your aid,
To Beauty our laſt Vows, like yours, are made:
Beauty, which ſtill adorns the op'ning Liſt,
Which Cæſar's *Heart vouchſafes not to reſiſt:*
To that alone devoted is this day;
For, by the Poet, I was bid to ſay,
In the firſt draught, 'twas meant the Ladies Play.

MITHRIDATES, King of Pontus.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Outer-part of the Temple of the Sun.

A noiſe of Muſick and tuning Voices is heard.

Enter Pharnaces, Pelopidas.

Phar. TO Night, to Night, this fatal Moment, now
Our dreadful Father's Nuptials are preparing,
And I muſt loſe bright *Monima* for ever.
Ambition too is barr'd, Scepters, and Crowns,
And all the golden Quarries now are loſt.
Ziphares, O *Ziphares*! happy Brother,
Thou haſt diſlodg'd me by thy late Exploits,
And now uſurp'ſt my Father's Breaſt alone.
Curs'd be the Pow'r that bleſs'd thee on thy way
To overthrow *Triarius*; curs'd the Stars
That glitter'd round thy Head, when by thy Arm
So many Tribunes and Centurions fell,
As made *Rome* groan, and broke *Lucullus* heart.

Pelop. Hear me, my Lord.———

Pol. This Morning, on a Mountain
Above the Clouds, his Triumph was perform'd
And I aſſiſted at the Sacrifice.
Why gave I not this Body to the Flames,
To be devour'd among the tortur'd Slaves,
Rather than liv'd to ſee his Conqueſt Crown'd?
I ſaw it; O, *Pelopidas*, theſe Eyes
Saw *Mithridates*, with a Torch, give Fire
To the vaſt Pile, which like a Pyramid
Stood high upon the Hill, as that on Earth.

Pelop. Will you but give me leave?
Phar. I ſaw the blaze
Of his immortal Honour, heard the ſhout
Of all the Court, which did torment the Air
To that degree, that Birds fell round us dead;
And that thin Region, where we ſcarce cou'd live
When firſt we did aſcend, became ſo fat
With the rich Steam of Blood, and boyling Gold,
And flowing Gums, that we were forc'd remove:
Nay, *I* believe, the glutted Gods themſelves
Were almoſt choak'd with the prodigious Odours.
Pelop. Yet have you done?
Phar. To the green *Neptune* then,
Becauſe at Sea old *Archilaus* had
Been Conqueror with my Brother, in their Names
An Off'ring was decreed; a Chariot all
With Emeralds ſet, and fill'd with Coral Tridents,
Was with a hundred Horſes, wild as Wind,
From off the top of that moſt diſmal place
Plung'd to the bottom of the ſlimy Deep.
Pelop Let me intreat you call your Reaſon home,
And liſten to your faithful Servant's Counſel:
You cannot hate your Brother more to Death,
Than I his Friend, the General *Archilaus*.
H'as got the ſtart of me in the King's favour;
And tho', without being vain, I think my ſelf
The better Souldier, he by Policies
Has puſh'd me from the Dignities *I* bore.
The Lion's outed by the Fox.——
Phar. But with full cry
Let us unkennel him; rather rebel,
Than bear it thus: 'Tis mine, 'tis thy concern:
Nor let the Name of King, or Father, awe us.
A Miſtreſs, and a Throne! moſt ſpecious Titles.
The God of Battel rages in my Breaſt;
And as at *Delphos*, when the glorious Fury
Kindles the Blood of the Prophetick Maid,
The bounded Deity does ſhoot her out,
Draws every Nerve thin as a Spider's Thred,
And beats the skin out like expanded Gold:
So, with the meditation of the Work
Which my Soul bears, I ſwell almoſt to burſting.
Pelop. In all the many changes of my Life
I have not known one equal yet to yours;
At other times ſo moderate, ſo true
A Soveraign o're your ſelf, you ſeem'd to want
Thoſe Paſſions for your Slaves, who Lord it now.

Phar.

Phar. I am hush'd, if thou hast ought of comfort, speak.
Pelop. This Night your Father has decreed to Marry
The Daughter of *Palemon.*
Phar. VVhat can hinder?
Pelop. Nothing; yet mark: My Brother *Tryphon* is
High-Priest o'th'Sun, whom all the rest obey:
Him have *I* wrought, that when the Nuptial Rites
Begin, some strange Presages shall fall out,
Disorders unexpected, to foreshew
The Gods are much offended at the Marriage.
How this may work with one of mighty Faith
In holy Fables, one of various humour,
VVhom every day new Beauties set on Fire,
Be you the Judge.
Phar. Methinks it has a Face;
But yet there's wanting what I cou'd have wish'd:
Had it been *Janus* like back'd with another:
VVhen *Mithridates* frighted from his Queen,
VVarn'd by false Oracles, shou'd have retir'd
Perplex'd, yet strugling with the pangs of Love;
Then to have laid a Beauty to his longing,
Some fair unknown, proud of her gaudy Bloom,
T'have quench'd his thirsty wishes, that had been
A Masterpeice! But let him marry her,
Sure Death shall wait upon his laughing *Hymen*;
And when the God has given her to his Arms,
Fate with unerring force shall part 'em ever.
Pelop. Yet raging? 'Tis as you have said, and more!
More than excelling Mischief cou'd invent,
That is not best. VVe have already rais'd him;
Andravar, my Lieutenant General,
Scorn'd by your Brother, whom he therefore hates,
First form'd the Plot. Old *Archilaus*'s Daughter,
The fair *Semandra*, Mistress to *Ziphares*,
Is destin'd to be made your Father's Prey.
Phar. Excellent Engine! now thou work'st indeed;
Thou hast hit the Vein, the Life-blood of his Heart:
I cannot see ought in the extent of Art,
Or Nature, that can mend it. O *Ziphares*,
Still Conquer, rise with Triumphs, high as Heav'n,
So such a Bolt as this be sure to wait thee.

Enter Andravar.

But see the brave Lieutenant! come to my Arms,
And tell me, shall *Semandra* be the King's?
Andr. I think, my Lord, that I may safely swear it.

Phar. Thy bluntneſs merits praiſe, and ſays, thou'rt fit
To ſerve my beſt revenge, Love, or Ambition.
Andr. Great *Mithridates*, whom I well have ſtudy'd,
Tho he has weather'd forty Winter Fields,
Yet riſes in his vigor, ventures more,
Nor feels decay of ſtrength; none Learn'd as he
In Nature's Garden; whence to his Conſtitution
Moſt excellent, he adds ſuch helps by Art,
That by his looks he might be thought Immortal.
The World, too, knows he is as Amorous now
As when the firſt Sighs heav'd his youthful Breaſt,
And his firſt Tears bedew'd the Shrines of Love.
Phar. The Conſequence?
Andr. He often has been pleas'd
To make me honour'd with his private thoughts.
Whereon my General and I agreed,
Knowing your love to *Monima*,
And hatred to your Brother, with one blow
To drive the buſineſs that ſhou'd Crown your wiſhes.
Therefore I daily fill'd your Father's Ears
With praiſes of *Semandra*, rais'd his wonder,
Deſcrib'd her dreſs, and each particular grace;
Her Eyes, her Hands, her Lips, with all their beauties;
And have ſo fir'd him, that there only wants
A view to perfect all; and that will be
To Night.
Phar. How know'ſt thou that?
Andr. I learnt it all
From a She-ſlave that waits upon *Semandra*,
Who told me, that *Ziphares*, with conſent
Of *Archilaus*, wou'd beg her of the King,
When he this Night ſhou'd *Monima* Eſpouſe. [*Soft Muſick.*
Nor doubt, but when he once has ſeen *Semandra*,
The Charms of his new Queen will vaniſh. Hark,
The ſacred Muſick ſounds!——The King and Queen are coming.

Enter Archilaus, *Ziphares*, Semandra.

See, your Brother, *Semandra* and her Father.
Phar. O my lab'ring Breaſt! how hopes and fears
Toſs my wrack'd Heart, like a poor Bark, about!
But ſoon the Calm will come, or *I* muſt periſh in the Tempeſt.
[*Exeunt* Phar. Pelop. and Andr.
Ziph. By Heav'n, my Love, thou doſt diſtract my Soul;
There's not a Tear that falls from thoſe dear Eyes,
But makes my Heart weep Blood——O my Father!
All is not well: *I* found her in the Morning,

Not

Not like a Bride, with all her Maids about her,
Half-ſmiling, now half-ſerious with her thoughts,
Of what muſt come; nor warm, nor bright, nor bluſhing;
But, Oh the Gods! I found her on the Floor,
In all the ſtorm of grief, yet beautiful,
Sighing ſuch breath of ſorrow, that her Lips,
Which late appear'd like buds, were now o're-blown,
Pouring forth tears at ſuch a ſlaviſh rate,
That, were the World on Fire, they might have drown'd
The wrath of Heav'n, and quench'd the mighty ruine.

Arch. Nothing, my Lord—'tis all but Virgins fear:
Marriage to Maids is like a War to Men,
The Battel cauſes fear; but the ſweet hopes
Of winning at the laſt ſtill draws e'm on.

Sem. Alas, my Lord! [*Weeping.*

Ziph. What, but alas? no more? when by the Hand
I led her to the Temple, thus ſhe ſigh'd,
And hung upon me. If thou truly lov'ſt me,
If I may credit my *Semandra*'s tears,
Think 'em not drops of Chance like other Womens,
The Weather of their Souls, The Chryſtal bubbles
Which they can make at will; Oh ſatisfie
The longings of my breaſt, and tell thy ſorrows.

Sem. That *I* do love you, Oh, all you Hoſt of Heav'n
Be VVitneſs? that you are Dear to me,
Dearer than Day to one whom ſight muſt leave,
Dearer than Life to one that fears to dye;
O thou bright Pow'r be Judge, whom we adore,
Be VVitneſs of my Truth, be VVitneſs of my Love!
But yet I fear———

Ziph. That fear, give me that fear, *Semandra*;
Produce it in the ugliеſt form it has,
If ought that is deform'd can come from thee.

Sem. I ſhall, my Lord, ſince you are pleas'd to hear me,
Unfold my doubts, the cauſe of all my Tears.
Firſt then, *I* muſt complain of my hard Stars,
That did not dart kind Luſtre on my Birth;
For tho' at preſent, while your young Blood boyls,
Your Reaſon cannot get the Rein of Paſſion,
Yet it will come, when long poſſeſſion cloyes you,
Then you will think, what Queens you might have had,
With Kingdoms for their Dower; perhaps you may
Prove ſo unkind, to tell me of it too;
Or, if you ſhou'd not, yet your Eyes wou'd ſpeak——— [*Weeping.*
Enough to break the heart of poor *Semandra*.

Ziph. Why doſt thou ſtab me with the tenderneſs
Of thy falſe fears, and melt me into mourning?

'Tis

'Tis moſt unſeaſonable on our Wedding-day
To be ſeen thus: *I* know thou canſt not doubt me.
No, thou moſt lovely of the fairer kind,
Think not a Crown can ever change my Virtue.
Ah, who wou'd leave the warmth of this lov'd Boſome
For the cold cares which black Ambition brings?
Sem. Spight of ill-boding Dreams, unlucky Omens,
You muſt, you ſhall, you ought to be believ'd.
And, if I weep again, it is for joy
That I this Night ſhall be your happy Bride.
Ziph. Oh *Mithridates*, mighty as thou art,
Before whoſe Throne Princes ſtand dumb as Death,
With folded Arms, and their Eyes fix'd to Earth;
Diſhonour brand me, if I wou'd not chuſe
A private Life with her whom my Soul loves,
Rather than live like thee, with all thy Titles,
The King of Kings, without her.
Arch. Pray, my Lord,
Defer till Mid-night theſe ſtrong Extaſies,
Fate yet may put a bar betwixt our hopes,
And then the loſs will be more hardly born.

The Scene draws, diſcovering the Inner part of the Temple. Mithridates *holding* Monima *by the Hand; his Queens, Concubines, Sons and Daughters attending. Three* Roman *Captains, L.* Caſſius, *Q.* Oppius, *and* Mannius Aquilius *bound in Gold Chains, with many other Slaves ſtanding at diſtance.*

Mith. Not yet, O *Rome*, great Tyrant of the World,
Haſt thou ſubdu'd the *Aſian* Emperor.
In thy deſpight I hold my glory ſtill,
Still tread upon the Necks of conquer'd Kings,
Still make thy Conſuls tremble at my Name,
And in one mightieſt Word to ſum up all,
A Word which, like a Charm, might raiſe the Ghoſts
Of *Pyrrhus*, and the experienc'd *Hannibal*
To envy, and be dazled at my deeds;
A Word, a Name, that comprehends all Honors,
All Titles, Riches, Power, all Majeſty,
In ſpite of *Rome*, I'm *Mithridates* ſtill.
Aquil. The Nations muſt confeſs, that *Alexander*
Cou'd not more dreadful to the *Eaſt* appear,
Than you: ev'n *Rome* wou'd buy her peace with Joy,
Cou'd you at reaſonable rates afford
Your Royal Friendſhip, tho' by your command,
Moſt dreadful to *Italian* Memory,
In one dark Day, damn'd in the Book of Fate,

A hundred thouſand murder'd *Romans* fell.
Mith. Dareſt thou, fomenter of theſe Wars, to talk?
Thou purple Source of all theſe bloody ſtreams,
Which have for more than thirty years o'reflow'd
The *Aſian* Banks, and dy'd *Euphrates* red?
Dareſt thou, Commiſſioner in chief, to put
The Earth in Arms, and ſet the World on flame,
Once think of Peace? Now, by the Fire-robb'd God,
Thou ſhalt have puniſhment that fits thy Crimes.
Aquil. The braveſt muſt ſubmit, when Fortune frowns.
Mith. Deſire of Wealth, the Luſt of ſhining Dirt,
And Palace Plunder, caus'd thee with Arm'd Legions
T'invade a King, whoſe Father was *Rome*'s Friend.
But, by the aſſerted Juſtice of my Cauſe,
The help of Heav'n, and of my own Right-hand,
I conquer'd thee, and thou art now my Slave.
Guards, ſtrait convey him to the Market-place,
Take off his wealthy Chains, and melt 'em down;
Then, for a terrible Example to
All ſordid Wretches, Souls made up of Avarice,
Pour down his Throat the rich diſſolved Maſs,
And gorge his Entrails with the burning Gold.
Mon. Not, my dear Lord, upon your Nuptial Day.
Mith. On any Day, my Queen, to do a Juſtice
VVhich all the Gods, and all good men muſt like.
For *Lucius Caſſius*, and for *Quintus Oppius*,
A milder Deſtiny's in ſtore. Away with him.
And now proceed we to the ſacred Rites.
Aquil. Yet, e're you joyn, hear me, proud Emperour,
Hear what the Fates have put into my breaſt:
I ſee my Death, by *Roman* Arms, reveng'd;
And what *Lucullus* had ſo well begun,
Pompey ſhall end; *Pompey*, thy glory's ruine.
This hour that gives me Death, ſhall be the laſt
Of all thy quiet: Swift domeſtick jars
Shall overtake thee; thou ſhalt add more blood
To that already ſhed from thy own Bowels:
And when at laſt ſubdu'd in all thy Wars,
Spoil'd of thy Queens, thy Sons and Daughters ſlain,
Thou ſeek'ſt ſome corner of thy conquer'd Empire
To hide thy abandon'd Head in; then the load
Of all thy woes ſhall come, one whom thou leaſt
Shalt fear, long nouriſh'd in thy impious breaſt,
Shall ſtab thee to the heart, and end thy days.
That this, all this, and more may light upon thee,
I pray the Gods; and ſo the Furies ſeize thee.
Mith. Away, to Death with the Prophetick Fool.
[*Ex.* Guards *with* Aquilius.

Tryphon

Tryphon, begin, and let the Altar ſmoak
With ſuch rich Victims, to the well-pleas'd Gods,
That they may ſmile from Heav'n, and give us joy.

Here follows the Entertainment: After which, the King and Queen return from the Altar to ſit in ſtate. An Image of Victory deſcends with two Crowns in her hands; but on a ſudden the Engines break, and caſt the Image forward on the Stage with ſuch violence, that they daſh in pieces. Mithridates *ſtarting up.*

Mith. Ha! whence? how fell this out? Now, by my Arms,
Our Nuptials are not pleaſing to the Gods;
'Tis for ſome fault of mine, O *Monima*,
That Heav'n denies thy beauties to my boſome:
Thus, when we did approach the hallow'd Vault,
A Propheſying Prieſt, with ſtart-up Hair,
With rolling Eyes, and Noſtrils wide as Mouths,
Stopt us i'th' way, and ſaid, we were no Match.
As well the Nobleſt Salvage of the Field
Might tamely couple with a fearful Ewe,
Tigers ingender with the timorous Deer,
Wild muddy Boars defile the cleanly Ermin,
Or Vultures ſort with Doves, as I with thee.
'Tis a croſs thought, and much diſturbs me here.
Mon. Command me dye, e're give your Majeſty
Cauſe of the leaſt diſturbance, O, my Lord!
Think you, that I wou'd lye within your Arms
To hear you ſigh, and give me Tears for Love?
Or think you, 'tis to Empire I aſpire?
Rather diſmiſs me from your Breaſt, the Haven,
Where *I* had hoarded all my happineſs,
And caſt me out to a wide Sea of weeping.
Mith. How e're the Pow'rs above ſhall deal with me,
Racking my heart with what they have ſet down,
Thou art our Queen.
Mon. O, 'tis an empty Name,
A ſenſeleſs ſound, except *I* am your Love:
I find, *I* find that I am loſt for ever.
I have but ſlept, charm'd with a golden Dream,
And now am wak'd to beggery again.
Why did you take me from my Father's Wing?
Who, tho' a petty Prince, was yet a World
Of warmth to me; why did you tempt me forth
With burning Love, and the bright Comet, Power?
Mith. Fright not thy tender heart with falſe ſuſpicions;
I will be ever thine: But give me leave
A little to digeſt with ſerious thoughts,

The

The anger of the Heav'ns——— *Andravar.*
Andr. My Lord?
Phar. They whiſper, General. [*To* Pelop.
Ziph. coming forward. Stars, by your leave;
Ill Omens may the guilty tremble at,
Make every accident a Prodigy,
And Monſters frame where Nature never err'd;
May the ſear'd Conſcience ſtart at falling Meteors,
And call the ſchreme of every hooting Owl,
Or croaking Raven, Fate's moſt dreadful Voice:
For me, *I* laugh at 'em; ſhou'd now the Heav'n
Flame with a thouſand Fires, ne're ſeen before,
And Thunder beat the Winds from every corner,
Not for the Calm of all the Univerſe
Wou'd I put off my Joys a moment longer.
Stand back, my Love; and, when I call, come forth:
A minute makes us bleſt, or wretched ever.

[*Comes to the middle of the Stage, and kneels.*

Mith. Is there in all the ſpace of our wide Empire
Ought of that moſt ineſtimable value
To make *Ziphares* kneel?
Ziph. There is, my Lord,
Thus to adore you.
Mith. O, Celeſtial Powers!
Mark me your Subject out for all misfortunes,
The Curſes of the *Roman Mannius* fall
Heavy upon me; Fortune's giddy Wheel,
Which we have fix'd with our Majeſtick weight,
Turn round with me, when *I* deny him ought
That he can ask with Honour: Riſe, my Son.
Ziph. riſing. Since on the great Requeſt which *I* ſhall make,
The peace or trouble of my Life depends,
The torment or the pleaſure of my Soul,
Eternal griefs, or everlaſting joys,
I wou'd recal to your remembrance, Sir,
The toils and hardſhips which my early Valour
Has undergone, the many Fields I have fought,
And Conquer'd too; and as of old the *Romans*,
Who ſought the *Conſulſhip*, made bare their breaſts,
Lac'd with long Scars, and ſtudded o're with Thruſts,
The Noble Wardrobe of the Scarlet War;
I wou'd, with bolder mention of my deeds,——
Diſplay my Wounds to move your Royal Favour,
And offer, to the blood which *I* have ſhed,
All my heart holds for ſealing of your promiſe.

Mith. O, had'ſt thou fought ſo poorly as thou ſpeak'ſt
Thy Actions, all the Lawrels which lye green
Upon thee, ſtreight won'd wither, and be duſt.
To mention but thy laſt, thy laſt of Wars,
Which ev'n the breath of Majeſty makes vile,
So much below thy Valour is all Language——

Ziph. The glory of that Battel is your own.

Mith. To thee we owe the day, our life and Empire;
When ſix Centurions bore me from my Saddle,
And laid me groveling, for the violent Horſe
To tread my Soul out; how did my brave *Ziphares*
Break through their walls of Steel, leap o're the Ramparts
Of the dead bodies that had fenc'd me in,
On his own Courſer mounting me to life.
Pious even in the mouth of Slaughter, while
On foot himſelf, he with his Battel-axe
Bore down the Legions, drove whole Troops before him,
And brought their Eagles drooping from the Field!
Demand, *I* ſay, ask me moſt Royally,
I will be laviſh to thy vaſt Ambition,
And Crown thy wiſhes like a giving God.

Ziph. In thankfulneſs *I* bend me to the Earth,
Once more fall proſtrate to your Majeſty,
And pray the Gods to give you length of days.
Come forth, come forth, my Faireſt; break, my Day;
Appear, and Charm, dazle the whole Aſſembly.
[Semandra *comes forward.*

Mith. A wonder! Ha!

Ziph. She is, my Lord, the Boaſt,
The lovely Chance-work, Maſter-piece of Nature,
Who bluſh'd to ſee what her own hands had made;
As if miſtaking Moulds, ſhe unawares
Had caſt *Semandra* in a Form Divine.

Sem. Theſe praiſes, breath'd from any Lips but yours,
Lord of my Life, and Idol of my Love,
Wou'd make me ſink with ſhame, or ſcorn the Flatterer;
But as they come from you, from that lov'd Mouth,
The tender Off'rings of your fond Deſires,
I take 'em all, and dye upon the ſound:
To the driven Air my flying Soul is faſten'd;
Each word, each ſyllable you ſpoke is mine;
Yes, *I* am fair, a Queen, a Goddeſs, any thing
That my dear Lord is pleas'd to have me be.

Mith. She talks——

Ziph. And with ſo good a Grace,
That nothing but her Wit can Charm beyond it.
Late in the Camp *I* languiſh'd with a Fever,

And

And ſure had dy'd, but for this fair Phyſician;
Who in the midſt of all my fiery pains,
VVhen Art was at a loſs, and I lay gaſping,
VVou'd quite beguile my ſufferings with her Songs,
Her welcome Pity, and her ſoft Endearments:
Now, laying her Chaſte Cheek, cold with her Tears,
To mine, ſhe wou'd abate the raging fire;
Now, with warm ſighs kindle my fading ſpirits,
And when I fainted, with a Kiſs recal me.
Mith. By Heav'n, ſhe weeps, and I cou'd drink the Dew.
Phar. He takes the poyſon, faſt as I cou'd wiſh.
Pelop. And Prince *Ziphares* forces her upon him.
Arch. Hold, you have gone too far; ſpeak to the purpoſe.
Ziph. Ambition therefore was not my Requeſt;
In *Colchis* or in *Boſphorus* to Reign:
Leave to my Brothers all your Empire; and
To me, this only Beauty for Reward.
Mith. Reward! Wert thou on *Mithridates* Throne,
Poſſeſs'd of all his Kingdoms, were thine eye
Like his who guides the day, and thou cou'dſt call
In all thy Journeys what thou ſaw'ſt thy own;
Her eyes would match thy luſtre: All thy glories
Wou'd be but ſhadows, when this Face appear'd.
Ziph. They wou'd, my Lord.
Mith. They wou'd, my Lord! Yet more;
By all my Royalties, a God might wed her,
And be a gainer by the beauteous Bride.
Ziph. Such as ſhe is———
Mith. Not Heav'n it ſelf can mend her.
Had *I* as many Tongues as *I* have Languages,
Skill'd in all Speeches of the babling World,
And cou'd at once ſpeak to as many Nations,
With ſuch a grace as might make *Athens* bluſh.
By *Mercury*, and by the Father of
The *Muſes*, *I* ſhou'd never ſpeak *Semandra*.
Mon. O, he is gone! his vow'd fidelity
Is gaz'd away!
Mith. Tell me her Birth, *Ziphares*:
She muſt be more than Royal.
Ziph. Fate, thy worſt:
Let me be dumb for ever from this moment.
Arch. In me your Majeſty may pleaſe to read
Her Father: What *I* want in Dignity,
Be pleas'd to fill up with my Services.
Mith. Thy Daughter!
Arch. Yes, my gracious Lord, my Daughter.
Mith. O pity that ſo fair a Star ſhou'd be

The Child of Night; that ſuch a ſtream of Cryſtal
Shou'd have her Spring ſo muddy!
Thou dy'ſt, thou ſawcy old ambitious Dotard,
Who dar'ſt to match thy Lees of blood with ours,
And daub the Throne of the Immortal *Cyrus*.

Ziph. Hold, hold, moſt awful, give *Ziphares* death,
Impale me, burn me, bury me alive,
But do not wrong this innocent old man,
Theſe hairs, which were made Silver in your ſervice,
O the good Gods! whom fear cou'd never ſhake,
Your bitter words have caus'd to tremble: See,
With the diſgrace, he weeps; his Springs of life
Which had been dry for fifty years, this laſt
Affront has water'd:
Oh my poor Father!

Mith. Ha! that Name again,
Thou art no more my Son. For thee, *Semandra*,
Thou ſhalt attend our Queen; to Court, my Fair.
Where I muſt learn you to forget *Ziphares*,
And match you equal to your birth.

Sem. My Lord——*Ziphares*——Father.

Mith. Look not back.
Conduct the Queen, *Pharnaces*. O, *Semandra*!
'Tis to your Tears I ſacrifice my Juſtice;
To them, your Fathers life I'll not deny,
Who for Ambition did deſerve to die.

[*Exeunt* all but *Ziphares* and *Archilaus*.

Arch. Dotard! and ſawcy! nay, the Lees of blood!
Now, by the Gods, 'tis ſprightly as his own:
O, 'tis too much to bear. Forgive me, Prince;
It breaks the very neck of Loyalty:
Perhaps, he Whores my Daughter too. But firſt,
Rather than ſee him wear my glories Spoils
Thou, my good Sword, that has ſo oft been drawn,
And dy'd thy ſelf in *Roman* bowels, to
The very Guard, for this ungrateful King,
Be faithful to me, as thou ſtill haſt been,
And pierce the heart of thy diſhonour'd Maſter.

Ziph. Oh, *Archilaus*! Oh, my kinder Father!
If you are ſtirr'd thus at an angry word,
What ſhou'd *I* be; I, who am loſt indeed,
I who am ſtunn'd, *I* who ſuſtain'd the ſtroke
Of all the anger of the Fates at once?
Semandra, O my Love!

Arch. Reſtrain your grief,
As *I* my rage, and let us think apace,
Tho' for my Daughters Virtue *I* wou'd ſtake

My Immortal part, my Fame ſo dearly bought.
Yet force, which he may uſe, will have its way:
Conſider that.
Ziph. Conſider! how ſhou'd I
Conſider, who grow mad with crouding thoughts;
Where every one endeav'ring to be foremoſt
Stops up the Paſſage, and will choak my Reaſon?
Arch. Once more ſpeak humbly to him,
Perhaps, 'tis but a ſudden ſhort-liv'd fit,
A guſt of Paſſion that may ſoon blow over:
But if you find it rooted in his heart,
Eat your way through him, to your happineſs;
Or periſh, like your Brother *Mithridates.*
Ziph. By Heav'n, I think it greateſt happineſs
Never to have been born; and next to that,
To die: For who that wears his fleſh can bear
The curſe of Accidents, a Change like mine?
I who, ſome moments paſt, wou'd not have chang'd
Condition with the bleſſed Gods themſelves;
Now in all probability am loſt,
And ſtand upon the very brink of ruine.
Arch. Your Deſtiny's uncertain; Fate, as yet,
Holds the Scale doubtful: Let us haſte to Court,
Where we ſhall learn which way the Ballance falls.
Ziph. Not half an hour ago, methought ſecure
I hugg'd my ſelf, and almoſt cou'd have wept
In meer compaſſion to th' hard-fated World,
Thinking how much my ſtate was happier.
Arch. Yet all the while you did not ſpy the danger
Which crept inviſible and undermin'd you.
Ziph. Alas, *I* did not; without fear I ſtood:
Like one who, on the Beach, deſcries from far
A labouring Bark, with which the Billows war,
Pities its ſtate, wiſhing the Tempeſt gon,
But views not the near Sea come rolling on:
So did with me my unſeen Fortune play,
Till the Waves came, and waſh'd me quite away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pharnaces, *and* Pelopidas.

Phar. I'LL hear no more; get me a hundred Horſe
To be our Guard, I'll bear her hence to night,
And raviſh her, by all the fire that acts

This

This fearleſs frame, I will. Declare the diff'rence?
Is not the Blood of Queens and Princeſſes
Like other Womens? Souls alike infus'd;
Their Banquets richer, and the Drinks they taſte
The very Spirits of the Purple Vine?
Yet we muſt think 'em cold as candid Ice,
Not a thought ſtarting, free from warm deſires,
As the bleak Girl upon the Mountain's top,
Cover'd with Snow, beaten with conſtant Winds,
That feeds on Herbs and Roots, and drinks the Dew.

Pelop. What, would you have her fall like mellow Fruit,
Whom yet no Sun has ſhone upon, no warmth
To ripen? 'bate a little of this fire.

Phar. Pelopidas, I oft have told you, that
She knew my love, before ſhe ſaw my Father;
For in the Plunder I firſt lighted on her:
Tho' afterwards he took my beauteous ſpoil,
As now he does my Brother's. *I* alledg'd,
As late *I* led her weeping to her Chamber,
My conſtant paſſion, and his breach of faith,
All that a love moſt violent cou'd put
Into a Lover's mouth, like mine; but ſhe unmov'd,
Inſenſible reply'd, the King, 'twas poſſible,
At laſt might kill her with his cruelty;
Yet to the utmoſt moment of her life
She wou'd adore him with ſuch ſpotleſs love,
Such moſt Romantick faith, and ſuch a deal
Of whining grief, that in a rage *I* flung
Away, and left her talking to her ſelf.

Pelop. And do you think this haughtineſs will carry't?
He that will win a moſt exalted Beauty,
Muſt bend his Soul low, as he bows his Body,
Watch every Glance, obey her e're ſhe ſpeaks,
Caſt up his eyes at each affected word,
And ſwear——Beſides her Honour, Sir, her Honour,
Obliges her to ſtand a while at diſtance.

Phar. 'Tis almoſt empty; Honour, Courtſhip, all
But gaudy Nonſenſe. O, *Pelopidas*,
Rather than buy my Pleaſure with ſuch baſeneſs,
I'de be a Brute: Now, by my Life, methinks,
The happier Creature, caſt before thy eyes;
The generous Horſe, looſe in a Flow'ry Lawn,
With choice of Paſture, and of Cryſtal Brooks,
And all his chearful Miſtreſſes about him,
The white, the brown, the black, the ſhining-bay,
And every dapled Female of the Field;
Now, by the Gods, for ought we know, as Man

Thinks

Thinks him a Beaſt, Man ſeems a Beaſt to him.
Pelop. Be more conſiderate, leſs raſh and hot;
I have thought of an expedient to gain her.
Phar. Thou art my better Genius, and ſhalt flouriſh,
When *Archelaus*, like a blaſted Tree,
Lies rotting to the ground.
Pelop. Did *Mithridates*
Know of your Love to *Monima?*
Phar. He did:
As publickly *I* ſhew'd it as *Ziphares:*
Yet he who like the *Heſperian* Dragon, thinks
The Golden Fruit of Beauty all his own,
Flew at me as a Thief, who, while he ſlept,
Had ſtoln his Prize, and made me pay it back:
Or ſwore my life ſhou'd be the fatal forfeit.
Pelop. 'Tis as I cou'd have wiſh'd: thus then, the King,
Whoſe Heart *Semandra* kindles into Flame,
Cools every hour to his new-marry'd Bride,
And will not Bed her till the Coronation.
A meer put-off, wading in deep diſguſt,
And wiſhing for pretence to part for ever.
Phar. Which he ſhall have; this Head of thine has thought it.
Pelop. I, and the needful *Andravar*,
Who feels the Pulſe of his Affection.
VVill ſwear boldly,
As VVitneſſes who had both ſeen and heard
The jealous *Monima* inrag'd with Love,
But more for what her vaſt Ambition loſt,
Strove to revive the paſſion that you bore her;
But you moſt generouſly oppos'd her Charms,
VVhich with unwillingneſs you ſhall confeſs,
And beg your fiery Father to forgive her.
Phar. Pithy, and ſhort; thou art the Soul of Counſel.
Pelop. The very breaking of the buſineſs, throws
Her into Priſon; where, while I guard the door,
Your Highneſs may, with as much eaſe, perform
Your pleaſure, as your faithful ſervant thought it.
Phar. In thanks the vileſt fawning lying Slave
VVou'd ſpeak thee fairer than *Pharnaces* ſhall;
But let my deeds be grateful to my Souldier.

Enter Andravar.

VVhat news, my *Andravar?*
Andr. Your Guardian-ſpirit
Now lays about him, and inviſibly
Acts wonders for you, madding all the Court:

Semandra

Semandra weeping, and your Father burning;
Monima, like a Widow'd-Turtle, mourning;
Old *Archilaus* puſhing on his Fate,
And Amorous *Ziphares*, led by love,
To tumble from the top of all his hopes.
Defiance from the *Roman* Conſul *Glabrio*,
I ſent, and the third *Pontick* War renew'd.
But love ſo rocks your Fathers drouzy brain,
That all the Trumpets of the thundring Legions
Can ſcarce awake him. See where he comes!

Enter Mithridates *attended.*

His haughty courage ſcarce ſubmitting to
The weight which preſſes him; but, ſtriking out.
Mith. She muſt be mine, this admirable Creature,
Her Charms are now inevitable grown;
And, while *I* ſeem to fright her from my Son,
I talk and gaze, and dote, to my undoing.
See her no more; loſe her with weighty thoughts,
And drown her in the Ocean of thy Power:
In vain *I* ſtrive with cares to keep her down,
In vain does buſineſs ſink her to the bottom;
This Bladder Love ſtill bears her up again.
Phar. Like a caught Lion, raging in the ſnare,
He plunges in his paſſion, ſpends his force,
And ſtruggles with the Toil that holds him faſter.
Mith. See her no more,——and live! Impoſſible.
As well I might bid Meteors keep their luſtre,
When all the ſhining Exhalation's ſpent
That fed their ſhort-liv'd glory.

Enter Monima.

Mon. O *Mithridates*! O my cruel Lord!
I come with all the violence of grief,
To take my laſt farewel.
Mith. What means the Queen?
Mon. The Queen! O mockery of State!
Pageant of Greatneſs! wondred at awhile,
But ſtreight neglected like a common thing.
I come, my Lord, to beg (O Heav'ns!) your leave,
Your Royal Licenſe, to retire from Court;
And, ſince my Father by your bounty Reigns
At *Epheſus*, *I* there wou'd go to mourn,
And languiſh out my wretched Life's remains.
Mith. VVhy will you add new troubles to my Boſom,

Already

Already burthen'd with the Wrath of Heav'n,
By your unneceſſary grief?
Mon. From Earth, *I* fear,
And not from Heav'n, thoſe Cloudy Cares are drawn.
Mith. No matter whence, they're dangerous to partake:
The tender Face of Beauty cannot bear 'em;
For, if from Earth they come, their Damp will ſtifle;
And, if from Heav'n, their Influence is blaſting.
Mon. Were you but kind, my Lord, as once you were,
What blaſting cou'd *I* fear? what dangers, dreſt
In all the horrors of moſt dreadful Death?
But you are pleas'd that *I* ſhould not complain.
Andr. Semandra, by your Majeſty's appointment,
Attends without.
Mith. Fair *Monima*, retire:
You will oblige me by a confidence;
I cannot be, but yours; Affairs of State
Now take me from you.
Mon. Say, the affairs of Love.
I wou'd, my Royal Lord, but cannot blame you;
I feel a Spirit within me, which calls up
All that is Woman wrong'd, and bids me chide,
But you are *Mithridates*, that dear man
Whom my Soul loves; elſe, were you all the Kings,
All Worlds, all Gods, *I* cou'd let looſe upon you,
For thoſe deep injuries which *I* muſt ſuffer;
Cou'd, like the fighting Winds, diſturb all Nature
With venting of my wrongs; but *I* am huſh'd
As a ſpent Wave, and all my fiery Powers
Are quench'd, when I but look upon your Eyes,
Where, like a Star in water, *I* appear
A pretty ſight, but of no Influence,
And am at beſt but now a ſhining Sorrow. [*Exit*, led by *Pharnaces*.
Mith. O Love! if that the Face of ſuch Affection,
Such modeſt Sweetneſs, and ſuch humble Virtue,
As my Queen bears, fix not my wandring Heart,
Break, break thy Bow, and burn thy uſeleſs Arrows:
By Heav'n her kindneſs ſtrikes my troubled Soul.

Enter Semandra *with* Andravar *attending*.

But ſee, ſhe's loſt again, *Semandra* comes,
Who drowns like bluſhing Noon her paler dawn,
And ſhews like Summer to the Infant Spring.
Semandra, what, ſtill weeping? will not all
The Wealth which the Sun ſees throughout the *Eaſt*
Dry up your Tears? methinks, an Empire might

Suffice for any loſs. I give you all my Power;
And, with it, ſuch a heart, as nought but Love
Cou'd bow: I throw it bleeding at your Feet.
Behold, behold, *Semandra*, while I bluſh,
The great effects of your Commanding Beauty.

Sem. Were you yet greater than you are, which ſcarce
The Gods can make you; tho' no bounds but Heav'n
Did limit your large Sway; tho' in your Perſon all
The Graces met that ever Man adorn'd,
The bluſh of Riſing Youth, the Conquering Eyes,
The Noble Smiles, and thoſe moſt paſſionate Beauties,
Which drew my Heart to Idolize your Son;
I cou'd not love you.

Mith. Oh, unmerciful!

Sem. You ſaid, my Lord, but now,
You bluſh'd to think of your degraded Power;
How then ought *I* to bluſh? *I*, who ſhou'd be
The daily Curſe of your repining Subjects?
I, who am bound by Oaths and ſolemn Vows,
To love *Ziphares*? By my Father's Order,
And by the tendereſt Inclination too.

Mith. You ſtrike me dead.

Sem. Oh, do but think, my Lord,
How wou'd Mankind, when they ſhall read my Story,
Tear all the Rolls, or throw 'em to the Flames!
How wou'd the weeping Maids curſe my remembrance,
Shou'd *I* for Pride of Power, a Golden Promiſe,
A gaudy Nothing, prove ingrateful, perjur'd!
Leave all the goodneſs of the Earth to languiſh,
And break for ever with his matchleſs Virtue!

Mith. You have ſaid and I confeſs it to be Heavenly:
I know, and till *I* ſaw your Eyes, I lov'd
The Virtue of my Son; *I* lodg'd him near
My Heart, and ſet him down my Succeſſor:
But now, Oh hear, and wonder at your Power,
Spight of his Noble Acts, tho' to his Arm
I owe my Life, tho' Juſtice ſpeaks ſo loud,
And the ſoft Tongue of Nature pleads ſo well,
I hate him more than I did ever love him.

Sem. Alas! wou'd I had dy'd when firſt you ſaw me.

Mith. Had he conſpir'd my Death, uſurp'd my Throne,
Perhaps *I* might have doom'd him to be ſlain,
Yet ſure I ſhou'd have wept to ſee him die;
But now, ſince he muſt Raviſh that lov'd Gem,
I prize above the World, tearing you from me,
Giving me twenty Deaths, and cutting through
My very Soul, ſhou'd I my Empire give

To buy his Fate, I'de think it vaſtly ſold.
Sem. Then blaſted be the Form that charm'd your Eyes.
His Fate! Oh, Gods! then you deſign his Death,
To reap the Bloody Harveſt of his Life,
And, *Atreus*-like, to feed on your own Bowels?
But know, Proud Monarch, there are Powers who ſee
And puniſh Crimes like yours: Nor can *I* doubt
But they will ſave from your moſt Impious Rage
My poor lov'd Lord, the innocent *Ziphares*. [*Weeping.*
Mith. Thoſe Waters more inrage my Jealous Flame,
And thoſe heav'd Sighs but ſpread my Anger's VVings;
Your Fatal Kindneſs haſtens on his Death;
And that untimely Doom which I forbore
To execute, ſeems neceſſary now:
You give him all your Stock of richeſt Love,
Your Tears, your longing Looks, your Smiles, your Groans,
And over-bleſs him with your laviſh kindneſs;
But niggardly to me you will not ſpare
A pitying Glance, one Pearly drop to Ranſom
The Soul of this deſpairing *Mithridates*.
Andravar, go, and bear the Prince to Priſon.
Sem. Stay, *Andravar*; the King has call'd you back:
See, he repents: Nay, I muſt hold you then,
And, if you ſtir, you take *Semandra* with you.
O, *Mithridates*! O ungrateful Prince!
What was it you did Order? But behold,
His Eyes are fix'd upon the ground, he bluſhes
To think he cou'd ſo monſtrouſly Decree
To Murder the ſweet hopes of all his Kingdoms,
The Gods be prais'd for this Serene Repentance:
Yet, with the fright, I fear *I* ſhall not ſleep
Till Death does cloſe my Eyes.
Mith. O riſe, *Semandra*!
Sem. Never, I never will.
Oh all you pitying Powers, will not my cryes
And piercing Woes move you to melt his Soul?
Can you be deaf? Oh Cruel *Mithridates*!
Did you but know the workings you have made,
The heavy plight, the panting Paſſions here,
If you had but a Grain of all that World
Of Love, you ſwore you had once for *Semandra*,
You cou'd not ſee me thus: Miſery diſtracts
My Reaſon; ſhou'd you turn to a new rage,
(Which I muſt fear, unleſs you Vow to ſave him)
I cou'd not bear it; you ſhou'd ſee me fall
Cold, pale, and with my Deaths Convulſions graſping
Your water'd feet, but never more riſe:

Mith. Give me your Beauteous Hand; *I* ſwear upon it.
By all thoſe Powers we worſhip, by our Self,
When e're *Ziphares* dies, *Semandra* kills him:
She ſhall alone have Power to give him Death,
Or to recal his moſt untimely Fate.

Enter Ziphares *and* Archilaus.

Thus dearly do I buy the Red Impreſſion
Which my Lips make; but take it, take it from me:
My Blood boils up again, my Spirits kindle,
That lovely Brand has lent my wiſhes flame,
And I am loſt again in vaſt deſire.
Ziph. Semandra! live I once to ſee thee more,
Tho' in my Father's Arms? 'Tis Heav'n, to gaze
On thy Aſſaulted Honour; thus to ſee thee;
Thus tempted from me with the Charms of Empire,
Yet not conſenting! No, I'll not think the World,
Laid at thy Feet,
Cou'd win thy Faith!
Yet, O dread Sir, forgive me;
If that my boding Heart ſuſpects you more,
Than all that Heav'n cou'd ſend down great and charming,
Or Hell cou'd raiſe up horrid to deſtroy me.
Mith. O Glory!
Arch. O, conſider, Sir, on that;
Think how the *Romans* will deſpiſe your Wars,
If Love now drive you——Speak, my Lord: He yields.
Ziph. Oh, Royal Sir, or if the Name of Father
Can move you more, by that I will Conjure you;
By all the Charms of *Stratonice*'s Eyes,
When firſt they drew you to adore their Luſtre;
By all the Pains you gave her when ſhe bore me;
By all the Obedience I have paid you long,
And by the Blood I yet intend to loſe
In your behalf: Oh grant me my *Semandra.*
Sem. Ev'n by the Paſſion my unhappy Beauty
Firſt kindled in you, but *I* hope is dying,
Give me *Ziphares*, give him to my Longings.
Mith, 'Tis done; the Conqueſt is at laſt obtain'd,
And Manly Virtue Lords it o're my Paſſion:
It ſhall be ſo; away, thou feeble God,
I baniſh thee my Boſom, hence *I* ſay;
Be gone, or I will tear the Strings that hold thee,
And ſtab thee in my Heart. The Wars come on;
By Heav'n, I'll drown thy laughing Deity
In Blood, and drive thee with my brandiſh'd Sword

To *Rome*, *I* will, yes, to the Capitol;
There to resume thy Godhead once again,
And vaunt thy Majesty without controul;
But never Reign in *Mithridates* Soul.
Arch. O wonderful effect of highest Virtue!
O Conquest, which deserves more Triumphs than
A hundred Victories in Battel gain'd.
Ziph. You must, you shall be now the Lord of *Rome*;
Her Fate shall bow beneath your Awful Scepter.
O let me not enjoy the Life you promis'd,
The vast possession of the rich *Semandra*,
If *I* strike not *Rome*'s Eagles to the Earth,
Take the Imperial Standard, Chase their Legions,
And bring in Triumph all their Leaders bound.
Mith. Andravar, haste, Proclaim throughout the City
My Son *Ziphares* General against the *Romans*. [*Exit Andravar.*
Come to my Breast once more, my dearest Son;
In spight of Love, thou art again my Child:
Thus, with a Father's bowels *I* receive thee,
Thus melting o're thee with the tendrest Nature,
I pray the Gods to Crown thy Youth with glory.
Ziph. Oh Happiness! Oh Joy! Oh blessed Tears!
Reward this Goodness, Heav'n; for Poor *Ziphares*
Is now so lost, he knows not what to say.
Let me devour your hands with filial dearness:
Were my whole Life to come one heap of Troubles,
The Pleasure of this moment wou'd suffice,
And sweeten all my griefs with its remembrance.
Sem. Oh happy hour! if *I* not set thee down,
The whitest that the Eye of Time e're saw,
Let me ne're smile when *I* remember thee,
Nor ev'n in wishes offer at a Joy. [*Shouting within.*
Mith. Hark! with loud Cryes the Souldiers send their joys:
Go then, with the best Blessings I can give thee,
Conduct my chearful Subjects to the Field;
Take all the sighing Virgins wishes with thee:
Subdue the *Consul*, and receive *Semandra*.
Ziph. O do not doubt me, my most Royal Lord;
If now *I* Conquer not, thus helpt, thus promis'd,
Thus prais'd, incourag'd, and thus over-blest,
I am the Mark, for all
The Synod of the Gods to shoot their Fires at.
Mith. Semandra, veil your Beauties from my eyes;
I wou'd not trust their Influence, tho' *I* thank
The Pow'rs above so strongly Reins my Virtue,
I think *I* might, and fear not a relapse:
In an Apartment, proper for your grief,

You

You ſhall be plac'd, till yours and my *Ziphares*
Return in Triumph; where no eyes ſhall ſee
Your private walks, nor mark your ſecret ſorrow:
I thus divide you, that your meeting may
Be yet more grateful. Haſte, my Son, to Battel:
Be ſhort in parting, for there is no end
Of Lover's Farewels. The Powers above preſerve you.
[*Exit Mith.* with *Pelop.* and *Andr.*

Ziph. Farewel, *Semandra*; O, if my Father ſhou'd
Fall back from Virtue, 'tis an impious thought,
Yet *I* muſt ask you, cou'd you in my abſence,
Solicited by Power and Charming Empire
And threatned too by death, forget your Vows?
Cou'd you, I ſay, abandon poor *Ziphares*,
Who midſt of Wounds and Death wou'd think on you;
And, whatſoe're Calamity ſhou'd come,
Wou'd keep his love ſacred to his *Semandra*,
Like Balm, to heal the heavieſt misfortune?

Sem. Your cruel Queſtion tears my very Soul:
Ah, can you doubt me, Prince? A Faith, like mine,
The ſofteſt Paſſion that e're Woman wept;
But as reſolv'd as ever man cou'd boaſt:
Alas, why will you then ſuſpect my Truth?
Yet ſince it ſhews the fearfulneſs of Love,
'Tis juſt *I* ſhou'd endeavour to convince you:
Make bare your Sword, my Noble Father, draw.

Arch. What wou'dſt thou now?

Sem. *I* ſwear upon it. Oh,
Be witneſs, Heav'n, and all avenging Powers,
Of the true love I give the Prince *Ziphares*:
When I in thought forſake my plighted Faith,
Much leſs in act, for Empire change my love;
May this keen Sword by my own Fathers hand
Be guided to my Heart, rip Veins and Arteries,
And cut my faithleſs limbs from this hack'd body,
To feaſt the ravenous Birds, and Beaſts of prey.

Arch. Now, by my Sword, 'twas a good hearty wiſh;
And, if thou play'ſt him falſe, this faithful hand
As heartily ſhall make thy wiſhes good.

Ziph. O hear mine too. If e're *I* fail in ought
That Love reqnires in ſtricteſt, niceſt kind;
May *I* not only be proclaim'd a Coward,
But be indeed that moſt deteſted thing.
May *I*, in this moſt glorious War *I* make,
Be beaten baſely, ev'n by *Glabrio's* Slaves,
And for a puniſhment loſe both theſe eyes;
Yet live and never more behold *Semandra*.

[*Trumpets.*
Arch.

Arch. Come, no more wiſhing; Hark, the Trumpets call
Sem. Preſerve him, Gods, preſerve his Innocence;
The Nobleſt Image of your perfect ſelves:
Farewel; I'm loſt in Tears. Where are you, Sir?
Arch. He's gone. Away, my Lord, you'l never part.
Ziph. *I* go; but muſt turn back for one laſt look:
Remember, O remember, dear *Semandra*,
That on thy Virtue all my Fortune hangs,
Semandra is the buſ'neſs of the War,
Semandra makes the Fight, draws every Sword:
Semandra ſounds the Trumpets; gives the Word.
So the Moon Charms her watry World below;
Wakes the ſtill Seas, and makes 'em Ebb and Flow.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Field.

Enter Ziphares *bloody, with Souldiers.*

Ziph. ARe theſe, are theſe the Maſters of the World?
O my brave Friends, how have you fought to day!
You fought, as if you all had Miſtreſſes,
Who from ſome Battlement beheld your Valour,
And from your Arms expected all their Fortune;
Oh, had you heard 'em clap their tender hands,
Beat their white Breaſts, and rend the wond'ring Heav'ns
With their ſhrill cryes, you cou'd not have done more;
Your looks were *Baſilisks* to *Roman* Blood,
Your very Breath was as the furious *North*,
And drove the Legions, like the Chaff, before you.
Nor was *I* idle; witneſs the wounds *I* feel,
Tho' *Glabrio*, at diſtance, ſhunn'd the force
Of my far-darted Javelin, yet it ſtruck
A Tribune down, and did not uſeleſs fall.
VVhat more remains, but that we haſte to meet
Victorious *Archilaus*, plunder their Tents,
And loaded with the Lawrel we have won,
March to *Synope*, Shouting all the way,
Long live the King of Kings, great *Mithridates*?

Enter Archilaus, *attended.*

Arch. O Prince! thou Life, thou Soul of all the Army,
To whoſe dear hand thrice *I* did owe my life,
VVhen thrice this day my Horſe was kill'd beneath me;

O Renown'd day! this one day of thy Valour
Has drown'd in dark Oblivion all my Wars:
Like Time it ſelf thy Glory ſhall run on,
While mine, my fifty Iron years of battel,
Lies ſmeer'd in duſt, and moulder into Aſhes.
Ziph. Yes, Father, now *I* cou'd grow proud of Conqueſt,
Since it muſt give your Daughter to my Arms.
Methought to day, when I had given the word,
Semandra, Victory declar'd her ſelf
E're yet a Death by any hand was given:
Ev'n now my blood more heats my youthful veins,
My Cheeks grow redder, with the expectation
Of Love's dear promis'd joys, than when I ſtrove
In flame of fight, with all my toil upon me,
To cut my way, and win the famous Field.
Arch. Grant me, you Gods, before the hand of Death
Comes, like Eternal Night with her dark Wing,
To bar the comfortable light for ever
From theſe my aged eyes; O let me ſee
A Grandchild of my Princes Sacred Blood,
To call him mine, to feel him in my Arms,
To hear his innocent talk, and ſee him ſmile,
While I tell Stories of his Fathers Valour,
Which he in time muſt learn to imitate:
Grant me but this, you Gods and make an end,
Soon as you pleaſe, of this old happy man.
Ziph. I feel a gladneſs lightning in my breaſt,
The kindled joy diſperſes quickly through me,
And ſays, E're yet the ſetting Sun has quench'd
His Love in his cold Miſtreſs Bed,
Semandra ſhall be mine; ev'n all *Semandra*:
The thought is Extaſie! Theſe Arms ſhall hold her
Faſt to my throbbing Breaſt; theſe raviſh'd eyes
Gaze till they're blind, with looking on her Bluſhes;
Theſe ſtifling Lips ſhall ſmother all her Smiles,
And follow her with ſuch purſuit of Kiſſes,
That ev'n our Souls ſhall loſe themſelves in pleaſure.
Arch. Firſt, ſend a Flying Meſſenger, with news
Of our great Victory.
Ziph. Ziphares ſelf
Muſt be the Harbinger of his own joy:
I'll go with the beſt-mounted Cavalry,
While you behind conduct, on eaſie March,
The weari'd Army. Once more let me lock
My Father thus.
Arch. My heart bodes happineſs.
Ziph. 'Twere ſin to doubt, ſince Fortune had no hand

In

In what our Swords by dint of Valour won:
She to the Brave was ever a curſt Foe;
But *I* at laſt have bound her to my Chariot,
By Conquering Virtue to be drag'd along;
And while her broken Wheel is proudly born,
She ſhall be forc'd our Triumph to adorn. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

The Palace-Garden.

Enter Pharnaces *and* Andravar.

Andr. THen there is hope, my Lord, th' unſetled King
May yet relapſe, and fall to Love again?
Phar. 'Tis certain that the end will Crown our wiſhes;
Late, as *I* pry'd about *Semandra*'s Gardens,
Mad that our Plot a ground, ſo plough'd to bear,
Shou'd yield no Fruit, ſtill thoughtful how to work him,
And watching for ſome accident to fit
Our purpoſe, and redeem the laſt deſign,
I chanc'd to ſpy the fair *Semandra* ſleeping;
But, in that poſture, ſhe appear'd ſo lovely,
Bold as *I* am, ſhe charm'd me into wonder:
But ſtraight thy General came to reſcue me,
Who took the hint immediately, and went
To ſee the King.
Andr. I gueſs the good deſign,
To draw him on to ſee our beauteous Foe.
Phar. You have it; and 'tis more than half effected.
I ſaw 'em walk: *Pelopidas*, by his action,
I know did kindle him with wondrous praiſe,
But once to view the bright *Semandra* ſleeping;
But the King ſtopt, as if he fear'd to go;
Then ſide-long glanc'd, and ſigh'd, and walk'd again,
Rubbing his hand upon his Face, to hide
The riſing Bluſhes: But, behold 'em here!

Enter Mithridates, Pelopidas.

Mith. What are her Charms to me?
Pelop. 'Tis true, they are not;
And yet, methinks, the ſight might draw down *Jove*———
Yet, I'de not ask you, for the World, to ſee her;

But that *I* think you're Maſter of your promiſe:
I thought your God-like frame, your ſtrength of mind
Not to be ſhook, therefore I woo'd you, Sir,
In curioſity, to ſee a Wonder;
But, if you doubt your ſelf.

Mith. *I* think *I* need not:
I think my Vertue is reſolv'd; but yet,
I fear, and therefore I will go no farther.

Pelop. 'Tis well reſolv'd; and yet, methinks, 'twou'd raiſe
Your pity, more than love, to ſee the tears
Force through her ſnowy lids their melting courſe,
To lodge themſelves on her red murm'ring lips
That talk ſuch mournful things; when ſtraight a gale
Of ſtarting ſighs carries thoſe Pearls away,
As Dews, by Winds, are wafted from the Flowers.

Mith. 'Tis wondrous pitiful; by Heav'n, it is!
I feel her ſorrow working here; it calls
Fire to my breaſt, and water to my eyes,
And, if I durſt——

Pelop. If you the leaſt ſuſpect
Your temper, if the ſmalleſt Breath of Love
But ſtir your heart; let me Conjure you, Sir,
Not to go on: The dazling manner will
Diſturb your quiet, and confound your Reaſon.

Mith. 'Twill be as well, tho' I believe no Power
Can change my Virtue, yet 'twill be as well
If you relate exactly what you ſaw.

Pelop. Behold her then upon a Flowry Bank,
With her ſoft ſorrows lull'd into a ſlumber,
The Summers heat had, to her natural bluſh,
Added a brighter, and more tempting red;
The Beauties of her Neck and naked Breaſts,
Lifted by inward ſtarts, did riſe and fall
With motion that might put a Soul in Statues:
The matchleſs whiteneſs of her foulded Arms,
That ſeem'd t'imbrace the Body whence they grew,
Fix'd me to gaze o're all that Field of Love;
While to my raviſh'd eyes officious winds,
Waving her Robes, diſplay'd ſuch handſom Limbs,
As Artiſts wou'd in poliſh'd Marble give
The Wanton Goddeſs, when ſupinely laid
She Charms her Gallant God to new enjoyment.

Mith. Something there is ſtirs mightily my Breaſt;
'Tis Pity, ſure, it can be only Pity:
VVho knows, but that her multiplying fears,
And cruel griefs, in time may give her death?
'Twere moſt inhumane therefore not to go,

And

And comfort her with praiſes of *Ziphares*:
I'll tell her how he Conquers, how he comes
Triumphant from the *Conſul*'s overthrow,
To take the Noble VVreaths he has deſerv'd,
Embraces from her Arms; Circles more rich
Than all the Crowns my fruitleſs Valour won.
Yet, ſtay; I will not ſpeak of him: 'Twere rude
To break her reſt; I'll ſee her, when ſhe wakes.

Pelop. Then you dare truſt your heart?

Mith. 'Tis ſure I dare:
By Heav'n, my Friends, I dare: *I* feel ſuch ſtrong
Collected Manly Virtue, that I'll on.

Pelop. Oh, ſacred Sir, turn back: If conquer'd by
Her Beauties, you ſhou'd love again, I know
Pelopidas muſt bear the blame of all;
Therefore, my Lord.

Mith. Away; by Heav'n, I'll go.

Pelop. Oh, 'tis impoſſible, if once you lov'd
But you muſt certainly relapſe:
Therefore your fearful Servant kneels and begs
You wou'd turn back: Alas, he's conſcious now
VVhat a groſs fault his fooliſh tongue committed,
By tempting unawares your Reaſon forth.

Mith. I'll ſee her; yes, it is reſolv'd, I'll ſee her,
VVith all that VVorld of Charms thou haſt deſcrib'd;
Therefore ariſe, and lead the way.

Pelop. Alas,
My Lord, *I* fear you; but it is your Pleaſure,
And I'm your Slave.

Mith. Reply not; but obey. [*Exeunt* Mith. Pelop.

Phar. I feel a pleaſant expectation breeding;
His ſtarts, his ſtops: By *Mars*, he loves her ſtill:
Joyn then the much prevailing circumſtance,
Of Time, and Place, the abſence of my Brother,
To make Guilt bold; the loneneſs of her Manſion:
Both ſtrong Incentives to a violent Lover.

Andr. Then Love haſt bleſt you on the other hand,
Since, by our ſubtle practices, we brought
Monima to diſgrace; with whom you may
Divert, till we have gain'd our full Revenge,
I have the guard of her.

Phar. I'm glad thou haſt,
Then, to compleat the ruine of *Ziphares*,
I hear his Mother, fearful of th' Event
Of this long VVar, and loving him as life,
VVith *Pompey* holds private Intelligence,
And has, to *Rome*, giv'n all thoſe Caſtles up,

Which ſhe had charge of to preſerve her Son.
Andr. This, when occaſion calls, *I*'ll aggravate,
To mad your Father more! But ſee, the General:

Enter Pelopidas.

Pelop. He's gone; he's ruin'd; quite tranſported with
The Extaſie of Love: *I* left him kneeling
Cloſe to her ſide, winding about his Heart
Such Nets of Beauty, as muſt hold him faſt;
Therefore, when he approaches us for comfort,
Shewing his griefs, and ſeeking ſhroud for guilt,
Let us incourage, to our utmoſt power,
What e're his Violent Love dares put in act.

Enter Mithridates.

Mith. Torment of heart! Oh, feeble Virtue! Hence,
I blow thee from the Palace to the Cottage;
To build in Hearts of Hinds, bleſs their rude hands
With thy lean recompence of endleſs labour:
For me, ſince *I* have burſt th'ungrateful Chain
That held me to thee like a ſhackled Slave,
I will enjoy what e're the Gods have given,
And ſurfeit on the Beauties of *Semandra*.
Oh, my dear Son, my beſt, my own *Pharnaces*;
By Heav'n, thou never did'ſt oppoſe my pleaſure,
As does *Ziphares*: But I'l caſt him out,
That Boſom-Wolf, who laps my deareſt blood,
And lodg thee there; thou wilt not rack me thus.
Phar. The Gods forbid. But why, Sir, will you bear it?
Pelop. I cou'd not think you lov'd her at this rate;
Therefore *I* hope forgotten Virtue yielded
To bolder pleaſures, and you quench'd your fires.
Mith. Drawn by reſiſtleſs Love, *I* put one knee
To Earth, and gently bowing down my Head,
Firſt took at diſtance the ſweet-wafted breath;
Which blew my flames to ſuch a raging height,
That ſtreight *I* fell upon her Balmy Lips,
And glew'd my own ſo fiercely, that ſhe wak'd:
And, ſtarting up, ſoon vaniſh'd from my ſight,
Leaving me dumb, pale, languiſhing, and dying,
Rent with her Charms, diſtracted with the rage
Of my deſires, and torn with cruel Love.
Pelop. Why ſtopt you there? *I* wou'd have follow'd her
Into her inmoſt Cloſet; pardon me,
If *I* prove paſſionate to ſee you thus:

Better

Better a million of ſuch ſlight-ſoul'd things
Were raviſh'd, maſſacred, than *Mithridates*
Suffer one moments care.
Phar. I have no patience.
By your great Glory, 'twas not Nobly done:
I'th' midſt of groans, and cryes, and guſhing tears,
I wou'd have raviſh'd her;——your Royal Hand,
Lock'd in her Amber-Hair, ſhou'd then have forc'd her;
Who knows, but oppoſition mounts the joy?
Like that *Athenian* Tyrant, who ne're took
His Barge for pleaſure, but in higheſt Storms;
Then wou'd he ſtand like *Neptune* on his Deck,
And laugh to ſee the *Dolphins* back the billows.
Andr. Say but the word, I'll fetch her from the Altar
To your imbraces: Never did *I* ſee
So ſtrange an alteration; your fierce eye,
Which, like the Sun at Noon, none cou'd behold
But with a ſnatch of light, and then be dazled:
Now, like a cold and drouzy Winter-ſtar,
Bears a bleak brightneſs. O decay of luſtre!
Mith I am not as *I* was.——Ha! Whence this noiſe? [*Shout within.*
[*Ex.* Pelop. *and* Andra.

Phar. My Lord, this Paſſion has unman'd you quite:
Forgetful of the glorious Fields you won,
You loſe your dear-bought Honours in a day,
And ſell your Fame to your Ambitious Son.
The Coward *Glabrio*, whom by flying Agents
I hear, in divers Skirmiſhes he vanquiſh'd,
Has ſwell'd him ſo, and blown him to that height,
He rides upon the ſhoulders of his Army:
They heave him, as he were a God, in Air,
And dance before him, ſhouting in their Songs,
You are their *Saturn*, but the Prince their *Jove*,
All that their waneing Faith can give Ambition;
And he too laughs, to hear the thund'ring Titles.
Mith. And, for a recompence, ſhall I beſtow
Upon this Traytor, all *I* love on Earth?
No, my *Pharnaces*, *I* have mark'd him dead,
If that *Semandra*'s loſs can bring his ruine:
Not but the thought *I* go with ſhews me juſt
To what ſhe ſhall appear: the Noble wife
Kills by her ſeeming Infidelity.
Monima too muſt periſh for diſhonour;
But rather to make way for my new Love,
And fix the giddy People on my ſide. [*Shouts again.*
Again theſe ſhouts?
Phar. I gueſs *Ziphares* comes.

Mith.

Mith. Down, ſtrugling Nature;
Die, die, thou Raviſher of my Repoſe;
Be ſtrangled in me all remorſe, all thoughts
Of pity; yet *I* will be calmly cruel,
Nor ſhall he find the depth of my Revenge.

Enter Andravar.

Andr. Your Son has Conquer'd, mightieſt of Kings;
But by a way ſo infamouſly baſe,
I fear my doom will ſcarce be leſs than death
For the relation.
Mith. Monſtrous may it be:
For *I* ſo hate him now, *I* wiſh for Crimes
Of deepeſt grain, for colour to his Fate.
Andr. His Royal Mother, the falſe *Stratonice*,
To whom you gave in Cuſtody *Inora*,
The ſtrongeſt, richeſt Fort of all the *Eaſt*,
E're he with *Glabrio* joyn'd, to *Rome* did yield
That wondrous Maſs of treaſure, with her Honour.
Mith. Curſt State of Monarchs! Let the judging World
Now weigh our pleaſures, with our mightier troubles,
And find us happier than the reſt of men!
Falſe Beauty, thou ſhalt die, thou bane of greatneſs,
Or, if *I* cannot reach thy fickle being,
I'll puniſh thee by ruining *Ziphares*.
Andr. This have I learnt by frequent Meſſengers,
Who warrant with their lives, how by conſent
Glabrio but skirmiſh'd with the Prince your Son,
And was by *Stratonice* brib'd before.
Mith. Plots, Treaſons, horrid black Conſpiracies!
Mother and Son, Oh Parricides! combine;
But if you ſcape me, may *I* ſleep my Reign out.

Enter Pelopidas.

What ſays *Pelopidas*? What of *Ziphares*?
Bring'ſt thou more matter for my Curſes? Speak.
Pelop. He comes, my Lord, and with a Port ſo proud,
As if he had ſubdu'd the ſpacious World,
And all *Synope*'s Streets are fill'd with ſuch
A glut of People, you wou'd think ſome God
Had conquer'd in their Cauſe, and they thus rank'd
That he might make his entrance on their heads:
While, from the Scaffolds, Windows, tops of Houſes,
Are caſt ſuch gaudy ſhow'rs of Garlands down,
That ev'n the Croud appear like Conquerors,

And

And the whole City ſeems like one vaſt Meadow,
Set all with Flowers, as a clear Heav'n with Stars.
Mith. Ungrateful Slaves! By *Mars*, when I return'd,
Worn with the hardſhip of a ten-years War,
My Army's heavy-gaited, bruis'd and hack'd,
With cutting *Roman* lives;
They ne're receiv'd me with a pomp like this.
Pelop. Nay, as I heard, e're he the City enter'd,
Your Subjects lin'd the ways for many furlongs;
The very Trees bore men: And, as our God,
When from the Portal of the *Eaſt* he dawns,
Beholds a thouſand Birds upon the boughs,
To welcom him with all their warbling throats,
And prune their feathers in his Golden Beams;
So did your Subjects, in their gaudi'ſt trim,
Upon the pendant branches ſpeak his praiſe.
Mothers, who cover'd all the banks beneath,
Did rob their crying Infants of the breaſt,
Pointing *Ziphares* out to make 'em ſmile;
And climbing Boys ſtood on their Father's ſhoulders,
Anſwering their ſhouting Sires with tender cryes,
To make the Conſort up of general joy.
Mith. What, will you bear your part too? Oh the Gods!
He is tranſported with the ample Theam,
And plays the Orator! Plagues rot thy Tongue,
And blaſted be the Lungs that breath'd his welcom,
Periſh the Bodies that went forth to meet him,
A prey for Worms to ſtink in hollow ground.
O, Viper! Villain! not content to take
My Love, but Life! wilt thou unthrone me too?
Shall *Mithridates* live to be Depos'd;
A Stale, the Image of what once he was;
The very Ghoſt of his departed Greatneſs;
A thing for Slaves to be familiar with,
To gape, to nod, and ſleep in my ſcorn'd face?
Awake, awake, thou ſluggard Majeſty,
Rouze thee to Act; tho' all the Elements,
Tho' Heav'n and Hell, Subjects and Sons conſpire
With Fate thy Empires fall, oppoſe their will:
Dare to the laſt, and be a Monarch ſtill. [*Exit.*
Pelop. What think you now?
Phar. I think, for my Revenge,
For any act that witty horrour asks,
Thou art an Inſtrument ſo black and fit,
The *Furies* joyn'd in Council con'd not match thee.
But ſee, *Ziphares* comes: With what a Train
Of Prieſts! nay, then the God muſt be Adored.

The

The Scene *being drawn, represents* Ziphares's *Triumph, which is a Street full of Pageants, crouded with People, who from the Windows fling down Garlands: Others dance before him, while the Priests sing,* Ziphares *resting under a Canopy of State.*

Ziph. Enough, my Friends, my Noble Countrymen,
I am indebted to your Bounties ever;
But let me now Conjure you, cease the noise
Of your loud thanks, lest we disturb the King:
We're near the Palace, and my boding heart
Says he interprets rudely this our Triumph,
Which you, against my will, have forc'd upon me;
Therefore *Ziphares* begs you to retire:
By the small Victories my Arms have gain'd,
If you have any Love, as much you shew,
Let me intreat you all, by that affection,
Ev'n now, upon this instant, to disband.

All. Long live our King, and Noble Prince *Ziphares.*

[*Exeunt shouting.*

Phar. Welcome, *Ziphares*, welcome to *Synope*;
Still, when Fate calls thee forth, may'st thou return,
Thus swell'd, thus Lord Triumphant o're the *Romans.*

Ziph. Had *I* subdu'd the World, *I* shou'd detest
The Title of Triumpher, and scarce think
That man my friend who praises at your rate.

Pelop. Had not the Monster multitude receiv'd you, Sir,
With such a monstrous State, methinks,
Like *Hercules*, you shou'd have slain the *Hydra.*

Andr. Heard you but Sir, how with an hundred mouths,
It worship'd, as you were already Crown'd:
Long live our King, the Noble Prince *Ziphares?*

Ziph. What, Villains! Ha! Gods, have *I* flesh and bear it?
Pharnaces, off; by my just wrath they die.

[*Exeunt* Pel. *and* Andr.

Phar. The King! Remember how this Rage will sound.

Ziph. O the curst Traytors! Brother, beware of 'em:
How e're they crouch at present to your Fortune,
For I perceive your favour warm'd the Snakes
To stir, they have no sense of gratitude:
I found 'em base, and therefore did discard 'em;
For which the Slaves have sworn me mortal hate;
But if I live, I'll crush 'em.

Phar. You'l to the King?

Ziph. I will. Methinks this meeting was unlucky;
My heart misgives me more, and higher beats
With this last heat, than all the toil of War:

Perhaps,

Perhaps they move the King; but ſure not much:
Or if they do, tho' our great Father frowns,
One ſmile, one tear of joy from my *Semandra*
Will waſh the anger of the Gods away. [*Exit.*

Phar. Go, and the Welcome that I wiſh attend thee.
Of all my Elder Brothers, he remains
To croſs my hopes, and bar me from the Crown:
Whom yet I doubt not, by my Engins help,
To burſt in ſunder, and then gild my Brows.
Methinks I ſhou'd become the Golden-Hoop
That circles in one quarter of the Globe:
I have it juſt; my Scepter waving thus,
The ſtarting Princes run to clear my way.

Enter Mithridates, Semandra, Pelopidas, Andravar, *Guards.*

But hold, my Father comes, with ſad *Semandra*!
Weep on; while I go laugh my cares away
With *Monima*, who muſt or yield or die. [*Exit.*

Mith. Has not the Traytor won my Subjects hearts?
Has not his Mother baſely too, betray'd me?
Has he not dar'd to Triumph without leave?
Which, when my faithful'ſt worthi'ſt Councellors
Rebuk'd him for, with mild and gentle Language,
He redned with proud anger, drew his Sword;
Then, like a monſtrous Parricide came on
Here to my Palace, Heading the wild Croud.
So through the Bodies of my Friends to paſs,
Till with his barbarous hand he reach'd my Boſom.

Sem. 'Tis falſe; 'tis all moſt horrid Perjury;
And the curs'd ſpotted Souls of theſe vile Traytors
Shall burn for this beneath: *I* know they hate
The Gallant Prince, and now conſpire againſt him
With words made up with all the blaſts of Hell
They ſtrike your ſacred Ears, bewitch your Senſes,
And with thoſe Spells that fouleſt Treaſon hatcht,
Stagger your Royal Reaſon. O yet hear me!

Mith. From what I have decreed, no Charm, no Pow'r,
No Eloquence; not Mercy's ſelf, adorn'd
In all *Semandra*'s Beauties, in her tears,
Proſtrate upon the Earth, and hanging on
My knees, nay dying with her grief, ſhall move me.

Sem. I now believe you are not to be mov'd;
Therefore with my undaunted Innocence,
I ſtand to hear the Doom you have decreed.

Mith. If when *Ziphares*, at your firſt appearance,
Runs to your Arms, fir'd with expected joys,

You thruſt him not away, and ſlight him ſtrangely,
With all the marks of the moſt proud diſdain,
That a moſt faithleſs and ambitious Woman
Cou'd ſhew to gain the Empire of the World;
He ſhall be ſtabb'd, be murder'd by my Guards,
Before your eyes.

Sem. O, 'tis not poſſible,
That you can mean the dreadful things you ſpeak:
You ſpeak it but to try the poor *Semandra.*

Mith. Mark me moſt heedfully, for 'tis moſt true,
And ſooner ſhall a dooming God recal
His *Stygian* Oath, than *I* renounce my Vow:
He dies, *I* ſay, if you receive him not
With all the coldneſs of a fair Apoſtate,
Whoſe Chaſtity the poyſon of ſweet Power
Had brought to ruine, whoſe proteſted Faith
The Charms of Empire had quite turn'd to Air.

Sem. Gods, do you hear the Tyrant?

Mith. Do you hear me?
If to your words, which muſt make plain your falſhood,
Your looks ſhou'd give the Lye, by amorous glances,
And languiſhings, for Lovers eyes will talk;
Or, as you ſpeak your hate, mixt ſighs ariſe,
Or faultring ſpeech, or any other mark,
To ſhew that you are forc'd to what you ſay;
Then, from the place where *I* ſhall ſtand conceal'd,
I'll give the Signal to my waiting Guards,
Who in a moment ſhall deſtroy your Lover,
When all your tears and ſighs ſhall not recal him.

Sem. I'll die, I'll die, ten thouſands deaths I'll die,
Rather than meet him thus: What, after all
The dreadful Imprecations that I made him,
And ſwore upon my Father's Sword, a Faith,
A ſpotleſs Love, for ever to endure;
Shall I abjure my Oaths, and to his face
Proteſt a falſehood, and belye my heart?

Mith. Take your own courſe; *I* have ſworn.

Sem. O Tyranny!
What, ſhall I meet him after all his hardſhips,
After the heats, and colds, and ſmarting wounds,
Which for my ſake he patiently endur'd,
Still chearing up himſelf, that after all
The blood be loſt, he ſhou'd enjoy *Semandra,*
His gentle Miſtreſs one day ſhou'd reward him
For the long miſchiefs of a cruel War?

Mith. I have not leiſure now to hear complaints:
Either reſolve t'obey, and ſpeedily,

Or

Or you and I muſt never ſee him more.
Sem. Stay, Royal Sir, come back: Ne're ſee him more!
And if I die, rather than ſee him thus,
Will you not ſave his life?
Mith. Your death, *Semandra!*
The very mention haſtens on his fate.
Sem. Alas, alas! *I* fear, if I but look
As if *I* knew him not, or had forgot him,
So nice and tender is his love,
So ſoft his diſpoſition, 'twill be Fatal.
Mith. Then, you reſolve his death?
Sem. It cannot be,
No, *I* will ſee him, tho' *I* muſt be cruel;
But bate a little of your Impoſition:
An unkind word will kill the poor *Ziphares*,
As ſure as all the hate which you injoyn me.

Enter Iſmenes.

Fidel. The Prince *Ziphares* begs admittance of Your Majeſty.
Mith. You muſt retire, *Semandra.*
Sem. O Torment! Oh the Racks of Love diſtreſt
Like mine! Of Paſſion at a loſs like mine!
Help me, you Gods, or *I* ſhall faint with bearing. [*Exit.*
Mith. Call in the Prince—What, Nature yet again?
I charge thee trouble my repoſe no more.

Enter Ziphares.

Ziph. 'Tis well, you Powers that pry into our hearts,
Well have *I* loſt my deareſt blood in battel,
Since once again I ſee my Royal Father.
Mith. *Ziphares*, riſe: I hear you have fought well,
Too well perhaps for *Mithridates* peace:
You Triumph'd too, *I* hear.
Ziph. Alas, my Lord,
I fear *Pelopidas* and *Andravar*
Have been too buſie with your Ear.
By my beſt hopes, by your moſt Sacred Life,
I wou'd not Triumph till your Orders came;
At leaſt, they told me, that they came from you:
If they were falſe,——
Mith. They were your Friends who brought
Thoſe Orders; therefore you are not in fault,
Nor ought you ſhare the Crimes of *Stratonice.*
Ziph. Of *Stratonice*! Ah, what has ſhe done?

Ah, Sir, what Villain has traduc'd my Mother?
Give me to know———
Mith. Perhaps you're ignorant:
Wou'd *I* had been ſo too; but to the purpoſe.
I promis'd, when the *Conſul* was o'recome,
To give *Semandra* to you:———Seem not ſad,
You love your Father well; but, Prince, I know
Your Paſſion for *Semandra* is the higheſt:
I'll ſend her to you, if you pleaſe, retain her. [*Exit.*
Ziph. Is this then thy reward, unneceſſary Virtue?
Why do we wear thee thus, to our undoing?
O inauſpicious Stars! thy Father hates thee,
Becauſe thou art too good! Went it not ſo?
I fought too well! His eye diſdain'd me too,
And held my High Deſert at hateful diſtance:
But, let it be, there's ſatisfaction ſtill
In Innocence: And conſcious Glory tells me,
My Griefs ſhall fly, like Clouds, before *Semandra.*

Enter Semandra.

But ſee, the Sun that drives 'em! O my Star!
Thou Day, that gild'ſt my little World of comfort,
Give me thy warmth; let me, upon thy Boſom,
Breathe all my Victories. Alas, the King,
My cruel Father,———Ha! What now, *Semandra*?
Not fly into my arms! O all you Pow'rs
That Nurs'd our tender Loves, ſhe turns away!
Haſt thou too caught the coldneſs of my Father?
Clear me, you Gods, and fix my Underſtanding
To this one view, leſt I miſtake all meaſure,
And run to madneſs. What, not look upon me?
By Heav'n, if thus, if thus *I* ſhou'd behold thee,
Tho' in a Dream, 'twou'd make me wiſh to ſleep for ever.
O my dear Life! thou ſhalt not hide thy kindneſs;
But to diſſemble thus a moment longer,
Wou'd quite deſtroy the Paſſionate *Ziphares.*
I'll force thy hand thus, to my trembling lips.
Sem. The kiſs you raviſh, Prince, is dangerous;
And let me now Conjure you, by your Love,
If you can love after what I enjoyn you,
Upon your life, offer the like no more.
Ziph. O Man me, Reaſon, with thy utmoſt force;
Or Paſſion with the dreadful ſtarts it makes
Will ſoon Divorce my Soul from this weak Body.
What haſt thou ſaid? And, Ah! What have I heard?
Fair cruel faithleſs, for the blood I loſt,

Doſt

Doſt thou thus meet me? Raiſe thy eyes from Earth,
And tell me, Have I, Ah, have *I* deſerv'd
This uſage from my dear ador'd *Semandra*?
Sem. You deſerve all things; but you muſt not ask
My Love, unleſs you wiſh me moſt unhappy.
Ziph. O, you good Gods! is it then come to this?
Shall I, ſhall I——but ſpeak it once again,
Unhappy! didſt thou, coud'ſt thou ſay unhappy?
Sem. I'de have you ſtrive, my Lord, to love me leſs.
Ziph. If you wou'd have it ſo, be witneſs, Heav'n,
If for your quiet you injoyn me this,
I'll ſtrive; but (oh!) 'tis moſt impoſſible:
Ah, may *I* not preſume to ask, if this
The reaſon be why I ſhou'd love you leſs,
That the too happy King may love you more?——
——Your ſilence does confirm *Ziphares* loſt:
And all that I cou'd fear is come upon me.
Ah, Barbarous King! I'll bear thy Bonds no longer;
But caſt off Duty, as thou haſt all Love,
Thou bloody Author of this wretched Being.
Tyrant——
Sem. Take heed, *Ziphares*, how you wrong your Father:
I've heard you give another Character,
So diff'rent from this laſt, of *Mithridates*,
Methinks you ſcarce appear the ſame *Ziphares*
Whom once *I* knew.
Ziph. It is moſt ſure *I* do not;
But to convince me more, quite to compleat
The cruel ſum of all my deſperate woes,
And ſink me ever; what, Madam, have you heard
Me ſay? or, rather, what is't you wou'd ſay
In ill-time prais'd, of this inhumane Father?
Sem. Have I not heard you ſpeak the tender'ſt things,
How, but for ſome few faults, ſo ſmall, that ſcarce
The Eye of Envy or of Hate cou'd find 'em,
He wou'd be perfect as the Gods themſelves;
A King ſo awful, that the Romans fear'd him.
A King ſo merciful, *Barbarians* lov'd him?
A King——
Ziph. No more; I am confirm'd: She's loſt:
The King! ſhe's gone; the Beauty of the Earth,
All that in Woman cou'd be Virtue call'd
Is loſt.
Corrupted are her Noble Faculties,
The temper of her Soul is quite infected:
Inconſtancy, the Plague that firſt or laſt
Taints the whole Sex, the catching Court-diſeaſe,

Has

Has ſpotted all her white, her Virgin Beauties.
Sem. You think me falſe——Ah, 'tis but juſt you ſhou'd *I*
But, Prince, *I* ſwear, I am not what you think me;
Yet never can be yours.
Ziph. O Confuſion!
Never! O horror? never can be yours!
Thou tearſt my heart! Call back thoſe dreadful words;
Tho' thou art going, yet thou art not gone:
Ah, e're it be too late, behold me gaſping.
Come to my Arms; Oh, leave me not for ever:
Fall on my Boſom, I'll forget thy weakneſs;
Try to deceive my ſelf with ſpecious Reaſons,
Never upbraid thee that thou once wert falſe,
But with my tears waſh all thy ſtains away.
Sem. Since tears (O help me Heav'n!) are vain, take, take my (Counſel,
Chear your ſad heart, and grieve, Oh grieve no more!
Ziph. Then thou art loſt? reſolv'd upon my ruine?
Sem. Your life's too precious: *I* reſolve againſt it!
Nor for ten thouſand Worlds——What was *I* ſaying? [*Aſide.*
What ſhall I ſay? Live, live, thou loſt *Ziphares.*
Ziph. No, thou perfidious Maid, thou wretched Beauty,
Ziphares loves thee ſtill; ſo well he loves thee,
That he will die, to rid thee of a torment.
Where are thy Vows? O think upon thy Father,
How this will cut him, this thy cruel Change,
And break his aged heart: Or e're he dies,
Think, if his kindled rage ſhould execute
What he has ſworn, to hack thy beauteous Limbs,
Tear thy falſe fleſh into a thouſand pieces.
Sem. If that were all my fear!——
Ziph. What hardned! Oh my Stars!
So quickly perfect in the curſed Trade?
I ſhall go mad with the Imagination,
O heart! tho' Heaven had op'd the pregnant Clouds,
And teem'd with all the never-erring Gods,
To ſwear on Earth *Semandra* had been falſe,
Semandra had been falſe to her *Ziphares,*
I wou'd not have believ'd.
Sem. I cannot hear this grief, nor muſt I cure it.
Farewel——O Prince——Inſtruct me, Heav'n, to ſave him. } *Aſide.*
Ziph. Stay thee; there's ſomething e're we part for ever,
That I wou'd ſpeak: If *I* cou'd make it way.
Sem. Speak then, and ſpeak the mournful'ſt things you can
To break both hearts.
Ziph. Thou haſt undone me; like a Silver-Froſt,
Thou com'ſt upon the Flower of all my Youth,
To nip the tender Bud, and blaſt my Glory:

Yet

Yet *I* will live, *Semandra*, *I* will live,
To ſave thee from thy Father's cruel rage;
For, wicked as thou art; with grief, *I* feel
My Soul looks after thee and ſeeks thy ſafety.
Sem I ſhall not hold; I feel the climbing grief: } *Aſide.*
My eyes grow full, and *I* ſhall give him Death. }
Ziph. Farewel. Thus, kneeling at thy feet, *I* pour
Theſe parting tears; and ſure the happy King,
In pity will allow this dying Kiſs,
Which my cold lips print on thy faithleſs hand.
Oh, all my Vows, for ever here *I* leave you;
And, ſince we never, never muſt behold
Each other more, I'll breathe 'em once again:
Farewel, *Semandra*. O, thou'lt never find,
In all thy ſearch of Love, a heart like mine.
Once more, Farewel for ever, falſe *Semandra*.
What? yet again thy Name? Will my Charm'd tongue
Sound nothing but *Semandra*? Oh, *Semandra*! [*Exit.*

Enter Mithridates, *with Prieſts.*

Sem. The cruel Task is done; and I can hold
No longer!——
Come back *Semandra*, Empire, Empire calls thee,
Op'n thy eyes to meet thy coming glory!
O barb'rous Prince, may *I* not die in quiet?
Mith. Talk not of dying,
See this Holy Man——
Sem. Holy, Prophane,
All things are now alike to my diſtraction.
Mith. He inſtantly ſhall joyn your hand with mine.
Sem. What means the Tyrant?
Mith. You are now our Queen.
Sem. Firſt let me ſeek a Dragon in his Den;
Imbrace an *Aſpic*, curl with *Baſilisks*,
E're I give up this Body, this poor Beauty
To any but my Lord, the wrong'd *Ziphares*.
Mith. *I* gueſs you wou'd not by your free Conſent;
But *I* ſhall force, if you refuſe to yield:
This moment *I* will take you in my Chariot,
Streight to the Temple, and in publick Wed you;
Tho' you refuſe to joyn in Ceremony,
Inſtead of Sacred words venting loud Curſes,
'Twill not avail; for when the Myſtery's done,
I'll bear you back, and as my Queen enjoy you.
Sem. *I* will be dragg'd; die ſtifled with my grief.
Mith. You have the Will, but not the Power to die.

Sem.

Sem. None! is there none? No pitying God awake?
And are your Prieſts Confederate in my ruine?
They ſure will tell you of your Tyranny,
And fear too much the anger of the Heav'ns,
To force a helpleſs Virgin: They will ſpeak
Your Crimes abroad; will you not, Holy Men?
Mith. Let me but hear the Holieſt of 'em croſs me,
By Heav'n, he ſhall go Sacrifice beneath:
Therefore away, Prieſt, forward to the Temple.
Sem. Help, help, you Gods.
Mith. All thought of help is vain.
Give me your beauteous hand, and willingly,
Or here are arms to bear you.
Sem. Let 'em be;
Call all your Armies hither to your aid,
I will not ſtir, nor give this trembling hand
To gain an Empire: Thus, to th' Earth, I'll grow
One piece. O, root me here, ſome pitying God,
And let me loſe my being, to eſcape him.
Mith. Andravar, raiſe her gently from the ground: [*They take her in their arms.*
Take help, and bring her ſoftly to my Chariot.
Sem. Stay, *Mithridates*; hear me but one word;
One moments ſtay: Ev'n Malefactors are
Allow'd to ſpeak before their Execution;
And ſhall not *I*? *I*, who am Innocent?
'Tis not to thee, but to the Gods, *I* bow:
Behold;——but ſee, from you, from you they take me:
O ſave me thus by cruel men betray'd;
Revenge your ſelves, and right a Raviſh'd Maid.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Mithridates *incompaſs'd with the Ghoſts of his Sons, who ſet Daggers to his Breaſt, and vaniſh.*

WHat Hoa! *Pelopidas*! Why, *Andravar*!
Haſte to my help.

Enter Pelopidas, Andravar.

Pelop. What wou'd your Majeſty?
Mith. I wou'd what *I* muſt ne're expect on Earth,
The peace *I* had. Come nearer. Oh, my Friends!
If Fate did e're foreſhew a Doom in ſleep,

Mine

Mine is at hand. Laſt night, you well remember,
I bore *Semandra* from the Thund'ring Gods,
Who ſhook the deep Foundations of the Temple,
With the reports of Wrath Divine; yet *I*,
This deſperate wretch, through ſtreets of fire, did bear her
Back, in a Swoon, to my moſt inward Cloſet:
But there you left me, left me to the rage
Of monſtrous Love, which, in the midſt of faintings,
With Tranſports yet unheard-of, forc'd a Joy,
Whoſe momentary pleaſures will heap on me
Whole Worlds of Furies, Hells of endleſs Horrour.

Pelop. But, Sir, the Dream that may divert your cares.

Mith. Divert 'em! Rather let gather all my courage
To Bulwark in my Soul. O plant me round
With your kind Bodies; blunt, if poſſible,
Heav'ns whetted vengeance, while *I* tell the Viſion.
After the dreadful Extaſie was over,
The Raviſh'd Maid, half-dead with ſhrieking pray'rs,
Burſt, at the laſt, from my relenting Arms,
Ran to my Sword, of which when I diſarm'd her,
She fled the Room, with cries like one diſtracted,
Preſt with Remorſe, I reſted on my Couch,
And ſlept; but oh, a Dream ſo full of terrour,
The pale, the trembling mid-night Raviſher
Ne're ſaw, when cold *Lucretia*'s Mourning-Shadow
His Curtains drew, and laſh'd him in the eyes,
With her bright Treſſes, dabbled in her blood.

Pelop. I have heard of Dreams that have prov'd Ominous,
But I cou'd never fix my Faith on Fancies.

Mith. Methought, by Heav'nly Order *I* was doom'd
To ſeek my Fate alive in th'other World:
Streight, like a Feather, *I* was born by Winds,
To a ſteep Promontory's top, from whence
I ſaw the very Mouth of op'ning Hell;
Shooting ſo faſt through the void Caves of night,
I had not time to ponder of my paſſage.
I ſhot the Lake of Oaths, where Fleeting Ghoſts,
Whoſe Bodies were unbury'd, beg'd for waftage:
Then was I thrown down the Infernal Courts,
Infinite fathom, till *I* ſoar'd again
To the bright Heav'nly Plains, the happy Fields.

Andr. *I* wonder, that the brittle thred of thought
Shou'd hold in ſuch a maze!

Mith. Oh, now it comes.
After that Heav'nly Sounds had Charm'd my Ears,
Methought I ſaw the Spirits of my Sons,
Slain by my jealouſie of their Ambition,

Who ſhriek'd, He's come! Our cruel Father's come!
Arm, arm, they cry'd, through all th' enamell'd Grove:
Streight had their cries alarm'd the wounded Hoſt
Of all thoſe *Romans*, maſſacred in *Aſia*:
I heard the empty clank of their thin Arms,
And tender voices cry'd, Lead, *Pompey*, lead.
Streight they came on, with Chariots, Horſe and Foot.
When I had leiſure to diſcern their Chief,
Methought that *Pompey* was my Son *Ziphares*:
Who caſt his dreadful Pile, and pierc'd my heart:
Then ſuch a din of Death, Swords, Spears and Javelins,
Clatter'd about me, that *I* wak'd with terrour,
And found my ſelf extended on the Floor.

Enter Pharnaces.

Phar. Arm, arm, Great *Mithridates*, the big War
Comes with vaſt leaps, bounding o're all the *Eaſt*,
Which crouches to the Torrent: *Pompey* comes;
Pompey the Great, ſaluted Emperour,
And, for ſome years, deſtin'd to govern all
The *Italian* Armies, with ſuch full Commiſſion,
As yet was never granted to a *Roman*.
Pompey, ſo young, ſo ſoft, in ſhining Courts,
That all the *Roman* Ladies languiſh for him:
Pompey, ſo fierce in Camps, ſo brave in Fields,
The very Boys, like *Cupids*, dreſt in Arms,
Clap their young harneſs'd thighs, and ſtrut to Battel:
Pompey, *Rome*'s Darling, and Fame's Eldeſt Son,
Proclaims with *Mithridates* mortal War.

Mith. Were all well here, what force, what *Roman* Arms,
What General, marching at the Head of Millions,
Cou'd daunt the bold, the forward *Mithridates*?
But here, *Pharnaces*, in my guilty Boſom,
The fatal Foe does undermine my quiet;
Black Legions are my thoughts; not *Pompey*, but
Ziphares comes, with all his wrongs, for Arms,
Like the Lieutenant of the Gods, againſt me:
Semandra too, like bleeding Victory,
Stands on his ſide, and cries out, Kill, kill, kill
That curſed Parricide, that Raviſher,
Oh, Heav'n, ſuſtain me, or I ſhall go mad.
My ugly guilt lies in my conſcious face,
And I am vanquiſh'd, ſlain with Boſom-war.

Phar. 'Tis much beneath your Majeſty, to alarm
Your ſelf with fears.

Mith. *Pharnaces*, thou'rt ignorant!

I tell

I tell thee, Boy, remorſe and upſtart fear
Oppreſſes me, in ſpight of all my knowledge:
Tho none of thoſe that boaſt Philoſophy
Has made a deeper ſearch in Nature's Womb
Than I; (the mid-night Moon has ſeen my watchings)
I tell thee, none can name her infinite ſeeds
Like me; nor better knows her ſparks of light,
Thoſe Gems that ſhine in the blew-Ring of Heav'n;
None knows more Reaſons for, or againſt yon' firſt
Bright Cauſe, can talk of accidents
Above me: Yet I'll tell thee, once again,
There is a Thorn, call'd *Conſcience*, makes its way
Through all the Fence of Pleaſure, fortifi'd
With reaſons, that this ill ſeem'd good to me,
And ſtings thy guilty Father to the Soul.
Pelop. After the fierceneſs of uncommon pleaſure,
A ſudden heavineſs is natural.
Andr. Not but the fading Spirits will revive.
Mith. Never, oh never: nor did *I* enjoy
Expected pleaſure, tho' theſe hands did hold,
All night, her panting Beauties to my breaſt;
But, oh! what joy, what pleaſure, what content,
Cou'd my griev'd-heart receive in raviſh'd kindneſs!
Her lips, which if *Ziphares* had been there,
Wou'd ſure have ſhot their gleamy warmth at diſtance,
Were cold to me, as Odours are in Froſt:
Her face, like weeping Marble, damp'd my flames;
And, as I drew her trembling to my Arms,
She fainted ſtill, and woo'd me with ſuch wailings,
Such languiſhings, and broken ſighs, to leave her;
That, had not more than monſtrous appetite
Tranſported me, the Roſe had been unblaſted.
Phar. You think of her too much: The Sex of Women,
The raviſh'd Beauties of the Earth together,
Deſerve not half the grief that clouds your Brow.
Pelop. Your Subjects want you, to defend their lives;
Each Citizen, in Armour clad, defends
His Houſhold-Gods, ſtanding to guard his door,
And cries, a Leader, let us to the Wars.
Mith. The Thunderbolt of *Mithridates* battel,
That tore the *Roman* Banners, now is loſt:
My arm, my arm, ev'n my right arm is loſt.
Nor will my Trumpets ſound, without *Ziphares*:
His breath was as the Air, to all the Army;
His Face was as the Sun, in depth of Winter;
And made cold Cowards bluſh away their fears;
But he is ſet, for ever ſet in ſorrow.

Andr. Your Majeſty is, of your ſelf, ſufficient
To Head your eager Troops; or brave *Pharnaces*
Stands forth, to fill *Ziphares* empty place.
Pelop. *Ziphares* ſtill your Royal Favour had,
To improve himſelf in Arms, againſt the *Romans*;
VVhile, in inglorious Fields, *Pharnaces* ſtrove
Amongſt *Barbarians*, to get a Name:
And tho', perhaps, he greater pains imploy'd;
In rooting up ſuch Rubbiſh of the Earth,
Than th' other did in felling the tall Trees;
Yet this was pay'd with Labour, that with Praiſe.
Mith. Peace, Villains; peace, conſpiring Sycophants:
Now, by the Gods, my eyes are half unſeal'd;
But, if the thought that kindles in my breaſt
Finds proper fuel to increaſe my fire,
It ſhall conſume you, Traytors; if *I* find
(Which I begin to do) that you have play'd
The Villain, *Andravar*, or thou, *Pelopidas*,
And laid *Semandra*'s Beauty as a ſnare
To catch *Ziphares* life, (Oh, all the Gods!)
And ruine me, by placing of the Bait:
Mark me, if ought of this, if any ſhadow
Appear, that you conſpir'd to betray me;
I'll heap ſuch horrours on your frighted Souls,
That you ſhall call your Brother-Devils up,
To ſnatch you hence, rather than ſtand my fury.
Pelop. Why ſhou'd your Majeſty ſuſpect your Servants?
Mith. Becauſe thou didſt foment my fatal paſſion;
And, when I view thee well, my Genius bids
Beware of thee: Tho' thy moſt ſubtil Devil
Has wrought me ſtill to liſten to thy lies;
Thou art, methinks, maliciouſly contriv'd,
And haſt, if ever yet a Villain had,
The Face of a moſt ſubtil working Slave.
Andr. We have done nought, but what your Royal Word
Did Warrant: If you lov'd, ſhou'd we rebuke it?
Or durſt we think to quench a fire, which you
Reſolv'd ſhou'd burn?
Mith. Yes, Traytors, yes; you ought,
When you had ſeen me going, to have ſtopt me:
My ſtrugling Virtue might, with ſome aſſiſtance,
Have caſt the Venom of my Paſſion up;
But, with your poyſonous breath you made it rage,
Till 't was fit to ruine poor *Semandra*.

Enter

Enter Semandra.

But, oh! behold the Innocence I wrong'd!
Sem. What, doſt thou ſtart? Oh Heavens! *Semandra* frights him!
Why, what a Monſter then muſt I appear,
Whoſe Form can ſhake the bloody *Mithridates!*
'Tis ſure, thou haſt undone this helpleſs Creature, [*Weeping.*
And turn'd to mortal paleneſs all her Beauties;
Thou haſt made her hate the Day which once adorn'd
Her op'ning Sweets: How wretched haſt thou made me!
Yet, Oh my Soul, thou inward knowledge, ſpeak,
How much *I* hate this violated Shrine.
Mith. Wretched *Semandra!*
Sem. Doſt thou pity me?
Is the long Line of my Eternal grief
Of ſuch a Charming force, that it can fetch
Tears from that Rock? Ah, moſt unheard of ſorrow!
Doſt thou repent? or are they but feign'd tears?
What e're they are, thou ſhould'ſt have thought before,
The cruel conſequence of this dark deed;
When I was heav'd in Air, and with my cries
Pierc'd the deaf Heav'ns, and call'd to thee for mercy,
Then had'ſt thou thus diſſolv'd, I ſhou'd have bleſt thee:
But now, thy black Repentance comes too late.
What, Ah! what ſatisfaction canſt thou make?
Mith. Inſtruct me.
Sem. No: There is in Nature none;
Since I can never be *Ziphares* Bride.
For if thou ſhou'dſt conſent to make us one,
And Heav'n ſhou'd Warrant it, nay, tho' *Ziphares*
Extravagantly ſhou'd conſent to take me,
Ah, cou'd I meet thoſe dear, thoſe faithful arms,
Which yet, in ſleep, ne're touch'd a breaſt but mine,
Thus wrong'd, and thus defil'd, thus nothing left,
Of his *Semandra*, but her ſpotleſs mind!
Thus is too much to think. Ah, cruel King!
Now *I* cou'd curſe, now I cou'd tear my ſelf,
Now I cou'd weep, as if it 'twere poſſible
To waſh my ſtains out. Tell me, O you Powers,
For I'll be calm, was *I* not worth your care?
And why, you Gods, was Virtue made to ſuffer?
Unleſs this World be but as fire, to purge
Her droſs that ſhe may mount and be a Star.
Were this but certain; Ah there's nothing ſure,
But my irrecoverable Fate; undone *Semandra!*———
This, this is certain, Death with loſs of Honour. [*Exit. Mith.*

Mith. Farewel, *Semandra*, thou moſt wrong'd of Women.
But I'll this inſtant go to *Monima*,
And if *I* find what *I* ſuſpect; *Pharnaces*,
I'll cut thee off, as an infectious limb:
And, for thoſe Villains, *I* ſhall quickly know
The wrong ſhe has had; whoſe accus'd Innocence
If your foul words have ſully'd with black ſlander,
Think not to ſcape, for ſhou'd you ride on Charms,
Take Winds to bear you, or the Lightning's ſpeed,
With panting horrour to the brink of Hell,
I'de ſweep you from the Verge to flames beneath,
And ſink your Villanies with weighty death. [*Exit.*

Phar. Firſt, ſink your ſelf, your Crown and Love together.
Pelopidas, this comes of your cool counſel:
Had *I* been heard, *Monima* had been gone
By this; enjoy'd, and Crown'd my Royal Bride,
And we receiv'd, as Conquerors, by the *Romans*.
Haſt thou not heard, how when *Tygranes* came,
And caſt his Diadem at *Pompey*'s feet,
He call'd him King, and rais'd him by that Name
To ſit as Equal to the *Roman Conſul*?
By all the Gods, I will not ſtay a moment,
But take immediately my flight; except
You ſwear to ſide with *Rome*, call *Pompey* hither,
And haſte with all the Forces we can make,
To joyn his Army, and betray my Father.

Pelop. A ſudden thought of lucky miſchief comes;
Old *Archilaus* is arriv'd, but left
The labour'd Army ſome few furlongs hence;
You know the violent love the Souldiers bear
The Prince your Brother; and we know too well,
And ſo do all the murmuring Citizens,
How cruelly your Father lately us'd him:
But that great Mole, the Multitude, ne're ſees
Who works their Prince, but ſtill take all on truſt;
Therefore *I* inſtantly will ſpread amongſt 'em
How *Archilaus* was Conſpirator
Againſt the Prince, and finding more advantage
To have the King his Son in law, by Letters
Baſely compell'd his Daughter to the Marriage.

Phar. Millions to one but this will ſet 'em on
To tear curſt *Archilaus*, like mad Dogs.
Beſides I find, by frequent murmurs, how
His Subjects are quite tir'd with length of War;
And, but laſt night, I know no leſs than twelve,
All Captains, who conſpir'd to take the part
Of *Pompey*, and intreated me to Head 'em.

Andr.

Andr. Purſue the Treaſon, and be ſure it cool not;
While *I*, with *Tryphon*, haſten to the Army:
A Prieſt will colour well our Enterpriſe.
There will we give out all that Treachery
Can raiſe to fire 'em; how the King has doom'd
The Prince to death, having firſt raviſh'd from him
The fair *Semandra*, for whoſe ſake he dies.
Phar. While *I* immediately to *Pompey* ſend,
Who comes, I hear, on haſty march, to fight
Our Army, and beſiege us in our Walls.
Pelop. Thus ſhall the Prince and *I* rule all within;
And you, with the High-Prieſt my Brother, play
Your Parts without.
Phar. I long to be in action:
And ſure *Rome* muſt, for the great overthrow,
Give me my Father's Crowns; which gratitude
Shall diſtribute to both your utmoſt wiſhes.
Pelop. VVe muſt not doubt your bounty.——But, away;

Enter Ziphares, *with* Iſmenes, *at diſtance.*

Your melancholy Brother may o're-hear us.

[*Ex.* Phar. Pelop. Andr.

Ziph. Oh, my hard Fate! why did I truſt her ever?
VVhat Story is not full of VVomans falſhood!
The Sex is all a Sea of wide deſtruction:
VVe are the vent'rous Barks that leave our home,
For thoſe ſure dangers which their ſmiles conceal:
At firſt, they draw us in with flatt'ring looks
Of Summer-Calms, and a ſoft gale of Sighs:
Sometimes, like *Syrens*, charm us with their Songs,
Dance on the VVaves, and ſhew their golden Locks:
But when the Tempeſt comes, then, then they leave us,
Or rather, help the new Calamity,
And the whole Storm is one injurious VVoman.
The Lightning follow'd with a Thunder-bolt
Is Marble-hearted VVoman: all the Shelves
The faithleſs VVinds, blind Rocks, and ſinking Sands,
Are VVomen all; the wracks of wretched men.
Prithee, *Iſmenes*, while *I* lay me here,
Charm me with ſome ſad Song into a ſlumber.

SONG.

SONG; by Sir *Car Scroop.*

1

ONe night, when all the Village ſlept,
Myrtillo's *ſad deſpair,*
The wand'ring Shepherd waking kept,
To tell the Woods his care.
Be gone, ſaid he, fond thought, be gone;
Eyes, give your ſorrows o're:
Why ſhou'd you waſte your tears for one
That thinks on you no more?

2

Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Pow'rs,
That dwell within this Grove,
Can tell how many tender hours
We here have paſs'd in Love.
Yon' Stars above (my cruel Foes)
Have heard how ſhe has ſworn
A thouſand times, that like to thoſe,
Her Flame ſhou'd ever burn.

3

But, ſince ſhe's loſt, Oh! Let me have
My wiſh and quickly dye:
In this cold Bank I'll make a Grave,
And there for ever lye.
Sad Nightingales *the Watch ſhall keep,*
And kindly here complain:
Then down the Shepherd lay to ſleep,
But never wak'd again.

Enter Archilaus.

Arch. How now, *Iſmenes*? Prithee, gentle Boy,
Inſtruct me where to find thy Royal Maſter.
What, doſt thou weep? I charge thee bring me to him.
Iſme. See there, my Lord.
Arch. Bleſs me, you Heav'nly Pow'rs,
Upon the Earth! It cannot be thy Maſter.
Is that a poſture for a Conqueror?
He who ſo bravely beat the *Romans* back?
A General, and Triumpher? Haſte, and ſhew me.
Iſme. By Heav'n, it's true, my Lord; there lies the Prince.
Arch. Something my heart preſag'd, when, having left
The Army, I came poſting to the Court,

And

And ſcarce receiv'd a welcom from my Friends:
They ſaid the Prince had Triumph'd, but *I* ſaw
Not the leaſt track of ſuch a Glory left,
No glimmering twilight of ſo full an Honour.
There has been foul play, and I'll find it out.
Ziph. Away, *Semandra*; cruel VVoman, leave me.
Arch. Ha! goes it there? *Ziphares*, Prince, ariſe.
Ziph. Ha! who is there? Old *Archilaus?*
Arch. VVhy
Do *I* not ſee you in a Chariot,
VVith all the Pride of *Aſia*'s brighteſt Gems?
VVhy mount you not the Throne which you deſerve,
The Lords of *Colchis* waiting as your Slaves?
Give me ſome reaſon why *I* ſee you thus.
Ziph. Alas, he had no hand in her revolt,
Nor knows not yet, perhaps, how ſhe has us'd me:
VVhy do *I* ſeem thus ſtrange then?——Oh, *Archilaus*,
(For *I* muſt never call thee Father more)
Pardon my faulty carriage.
Arch. Forbear theſe ſtrict imbraces,
Your tears, your hanging on my Boſom thus,
Your ſighs reduce my Age to ſobbing Childhood,
And make an Infant of your poor Old Man.
Ziph. Did *I* not ſay, I never more muſt call
Thee Father?
Arch. Yes, you did.
Ziph. Fond, fooliſh ſorrow!
Thou art, thou ſhalt, thou muſt be ſtill my Father,
My Brother, Siſter, Miſtreſs, all, my Friend;
For all but thou have left me: No kind eye
Pities the ſuff'rings of abus'd *Ziphares*;
They fly, all fly from my infectious Fortune.
Arch. Nay, good dear Prince, ſtand up, you ſmother all
Your words with groans: Drye up this womaniſh grief,
And ſpeak, dear Sir, declare the curſed cauſe,
The baleful Spring, the Source of all this miſchief.
Ziph. Wou'd you believe it? ſcarce can *I* my ſelf,
Oh Heav'ns, and oh you ever-burning Lights,
Who have beheld at midnight from your Orbs
Our flames, that kindled bright and chaſte as yours,
Which of you all, which moſt malignant Star,
Shew me that envious Fire that croſt our loves,
That I may curſe him from his fatal Sphere.
Arch. Name it, I ſay, the ground of all this trouble;
I feel a warm revenge run through my blood,
As if I had put off ſome forty year:
Methinks I ſtand as fit to fight the Cauſe

Of Friendſhip now, as then I cou'd my Love's.
But ſpeak.

Ziph. Thy Daughter.

Arch. Well, I gueſs'd Fate wounded there.

Ziph. *Semandra*, my moſt fair, dear, gentle Miſtreſs.

Arch. If ſhe be falſe, ſhe is no longer fair.

Ziph. That ſweet proteſting Creature, that pure whiteneſs,
Where I ſo deep had writ my Vows in blood,
Is taken from me.

Arch. By her own conſent?

Ziph. Moſt certain. That Eternal Bond of Oaths,
Committed to her keeping, now is Cancell'd:
Ev'n her fair Hand, the Seal of all my Love,
Her Hand has given her faithleſs Heart away.

Arch. Then, ſhe is falſe? you know her to be ſo?

Ziph. Falſe, falſe, as waters, winds, or wand'ring fires:
She is more falſe than Woman can believe.

Arch. The opening of her treachery, come, how was't?
Particular revenge wou'd know particulars.
At firſt, I gueſs'd ſhe did receive you kindly.

Ziph. Quite contrary, as if ſhe ne're had ſeen me;
Quite alter'd, quite eſtrang'd, reſerv'd and cold,
With all the coyneſs of a baſe-born Beauty,
Made proud with Pow'r: Not one tender look
The very Accent of her Voice was chang'd,
Nor was ſhe to be known, but by her Beauty,
Nought elſe cou'd ſpeak her to my Senſe the ſame,
O nothing but the Face of my *Semandra*.

Arch. When my keen Sword ſhall glitter in her eyes,
Doubt not, but *I* ſhall make her know you well;
And tho' you never grace her with your favour,
For ſhe is now unworthy your imbraces,
Yet *I* will bring the Traytreſs to your knees.

Ziph. Can it be
Thou ſhou'dſt be ignorant, ſhe's paſt the giving?

Arch *I* have not met the news, which your ſwoln eyes
Appear ſo big with.

Ziph. Here I am loſt again;
Here all my courage, which has born the blow
Of ſterneſt War, ſhrinks like a beaten Coward:
Here, I confeſs, my Piety gives way,
I cou'd fall out with the forgetful Gods,
And curſe the cruel Author of my Being.
No, Tyrant, no, thou bloody Parent, think not
That *I* will bear it longer; I'll forget,
Like thee all nature, all remorſe, all pity,
And ſnatch her from thee, wedded as you are.

Arch.

Arch. What, Wedded! Marri'd!
Ziph. Wedded, Marri'd, Bedded;
He has enjoy'd her, rifled that fair Casket
Where all the riches of my life were laid:
Yes, yes, you Gods, I saw 'em pass along,
Pass to the Temple, through the crouded Streets,
Saw 'em come back, darted my wishing eyes
At her false Face, with such accusing glances,
She fainted in the Chariot; yes, *I* saw her,
Sink pale, and dying down; but there I lost her,
And left her to the Revels of the Night,
To be enjoy'd, ev'n this last night enjoy'd.
Arch. By all the Honours which she has dishonour'd,
She shall not live another.
Ziph. Oh my Father!
Cou'd you but guess the pains that *I* endur'd,
Oh all the subtilest fits of sharpest sickness,
Were nothing to the torments which I bore.
I tim'd ev'n their disrobing kisses, smiles,
The first imbraces, and the racking joy;
But there methought Fancy it self was stopt,
It cou'd no more. The limit of my life
Was found, the end of all my joys on Earth.
Arch. She dies; not Destiny shall save her from me:
As she has sworn, and as she has forsworn,
I'll draw my Sword, bath'd in her dearest blood,
From forth her Heart-strings, while the rank red Weeds
Cling to my reeking Blade: Or wou'd you more?
I am grown up to your anger.
Ziph. General, hold:
I have been Impious in my vented rage;
For which, oh pardon me, my Royal Father,
And you, most injur'd Pow'rs, whom *I* offended:
And, oh, what-ever shall become of me,
Forgive the fair, the false, the lov'd *Semandra.*
If while *I* live thou mark her gentle Limbs
With the least wound, it ends *Ziphares* life,
Or if thou hurt her after *I* am dead,
Thou'lt raise my Ashes up in Arms against thee.
Isme. My Lord, the Queen *Semandra*'s coming hither.
Ziph. Say'st thou?
Isme. The Queen———But see, she enters.
Ziph. Ha!

Enter Semandra.

Sem. Oh *Ziphares!* Oh Prince! Oh thou most wrong'd!

Ziph. How can this be? Madam, you ought at leaſt
To have ſent me word; for now, inſtead of Songs,
I can preſent you nothing but my tears.
A beating heart, and groans that will not ſuit
With your moſt happy ſtate, your bleſt condition.
Sem. Ah, did you rightly underſtand my ſuff'rings,
You wou'd not wound a bleeding, dying Creature:
But I'll endure yet more. When I am dead,
And 'tis too late, you'l murmure to your ſelf,
At leaſt I might have heard what the poor Wretch
Cou'd ſay.
Arch. Oh *Syren!* but I will be huſh'd. [*Aſide.*
Ziph. What canſt thou ſay, if I reſolve to hear thee?
Thou wilt but tear the wounds, which thou haſt made.
This Viſit was moſt cruel: Why com'ſt thou then,
For fear *I* ſhou'd forget thee? Mercileſs Woman!
Arch. Yet let us hear her, Prince; let's hear the Sorcereſs;
That when ſure Vengeance overtakes her Crimes,
She may have nought to anſwer.
Sem. The good Gods
Reward that Voice of Mercy, Firſt then, my Lord.
Ziph. No; I'll be gone: Fly, *Archilaus*, fly,
She has a Tongue that can undo the World.
She eyes me juſt as when ſhe firſt inflam'd me,
Such were her looks, ſo melting was her language,
Such falſe ſoft ſighs, and ſuch deluding tears,
When from her lips *I* took the luſcious poyſon,
When with that pleaſing perjur'd breath avowing,
Her whiſpers trembl'd through theſe credulous ears,
And told the ſtory of my utter ruine.
Arch. Nay, 'tis impoſſible to clear her ſelf;
And it was Impudence to offer at it:
Therefore, thou ſhameleſs Off-ſpring of my Blood,
I'll cut thee from me; thus, with all thy Crimes,
Die, as thou did'ſt deſire. { *Half-drawing:* *ſtopt by* Ziph.
Ziph. Hold thy hand;
I charge thee touch her not.
Arch. By Heav'n, ſhe dies:
I may diſpoſe my own; ſhe ſhall not live.
Ziph. By all the Gods, ſhe ſhall, while I have breath:
And, if thou draw'ſt, I'le guard her life with mine,
I ſhou'd be loth to lift my Arm 'gainſt thee
Of all Mankind; but were my Father here
Reſolv'd to give her Death, I wou'd oppoſe him,
Sem. Draw then, and ſheath your weapons in my breaſt,
In curſt *Semandra*'s Heart; but for the World,
Oh Father, do not wound the Prince *Ziphares:*

And

And, oh *Ziphares*, do not hurt my Father!
Upon my knees, *I* beg you to be calm,
And hear me thus.
Ziph. Oh riſe! falſe, as thou art,
Thou once wert Empreſs of my Soul, and *I*
Still drag thy Chains: Speak then, *Semandra*, ſpeak;
For I'm ſo doz'd, ſo weary with complaining,
That *I* cou'd ſtand and liſten to the Winds,
And think that Women talk'd: Obſerve the Rain,
And think that Women wept; or in the Clouds
Behold *Semandra*'s Form, ſtill fleeting from me.
But, ſpeak: *I* loſe my Senſes with my Woes.
Arch. He has ſav'd thy life; come, make a handſom lye
In recompence.
Sem. *I* will be ſhort, as true.
When you were gone to Wars, the King relaps'd;
How prompted, Heav'n beſt knows: And when with Conqueſt
You came from Battel, he with dreadful threats
Compel'd me to receive you in that manner.
Ziph. Ah, cruel Creature! what, what Menaces,
What fear of death, cou'd ſo have made *Ziphares*
Receive *Semandra*.
Sem Not Racks, nor all the Tortures
VVhich Hell combin'd cou'd put into the hearts
Of bloodieſt Tyrant, ſhou'd have forc't me to't,
But, oh! Your life, which he with deepeſt Oaths
Had ſworn to take, unleſs *I* ſeem'd to ſcorn you;
That daſh'd my Spirits, baffled all the daring
Of my defenceleſs heart: There *I* confeſs
The VVoman work'd; *I* trembled and agreed
To ſee you ſo, rather than loſe you ever.
Arch. Now, by my Arms, ſhe has come off with wonder!
Sem. And think, my Lord, reflect upon your ſelf;
I dare believe ſo dearly once you lov'd me,
That were you certain I ſhou'd loſe my life,
Unleſs you us'd me in that very manner,
I know you wou'd conſtrain your flame a while,
And ſeem as cold, and as reſerv'd as *I*.
Ziph. Oh heart! oh bleeding Love! but ſpeak, *Semandra*,
For there is wondrous Reaſon, mighty Senſe
In what you ſay: And I cou'd hear you ever.
Sem. When you were gone, the cruel King came in,
And without ſtop propos'd the fatal Marriage,
VVhich being deny'd, he forc'd me to the Temple.
Yet, at the Altar, I deni'd my hand,
Invok'd the Gods with the moſt violent ſorrow,,
Tears, ſighs, and ſwoonings; curs'd the frighted Prieſts,

Struck

Struck down the Cenſors, and like one diſtracted
I mangled my own fleſh; but all in vain:
I was ſuppos'd his Queen, and ſo enjoy'd.
Ziph. Then ſtill thy heart, thy heart was mine, *Semandra.*
Sem. It was, it is, for ever ſhall be yours.
Ziph. Oh, at thy feet, let me for ever lye,
Thus hang upon thy knees with dying graſps,
Thou moſt wrong'd Innocence, abus'd *Semandra.*
Sem. Oh, my dear Lord, you ſhall not kneel without me.
Ziph. Thou art not falſe then!
Sem. Cou'd you think me ſo?
Falſe to my Life, my Soul, my All *I* have!
Ziph. I did; *I* thought thee falſe, and *I* deſerve
To die, for wronging thy moſt matchleſs Faith:
For thou art true, conſtant, as pining Turtles,
Conſtant, as Courage to the Brave in Battel,
Conſtant, as Martyrs burning for the Gods.
Arch. What changes drive bus'neſs of the World!
Come, no more weeping: Riſe,
Think on the King, if he ſhou'd take you thus.
Ziph. Oh riſe, *Semandra*; what, what are we doing?
VVhy, *Archilaus*, why did'ſt thou cut me off
The moments pleaſure which my thoughts were forming?
Thy cruel breath quite broke the brittle Glaſs
Of my ſhort life, and ſtopt the running Sand
VVhat ſhall we do, *Semandra.*
Sem. Part, and die.
Ziph. Die, 'tis reſolv'd; but how? That, that muſt be
My future care: And with that thought *I* leave thee.
Go then, thou Setting-ſtar; take from theſe eyes,
(Theſe eyes, that if they ſee thee, will be wiſhing)
O take thoſe languiſhing pale fires away,
And leave me to the wide, dark Den of Death!
Sem. Something within me ſobs to my boding heart,
Semandra ne're ſhall ſee *Ziphares* more.
Ziph. Away then; part, for ever part, *Semandra*:
Let me alone ſuſtain thoſe rav'nous Fates,
VVhich, like two famiſh'd Tygers, are gone out,
And have us in the VVind. Death come upon me;
Night, and the bloodi'ſt deed of darkneſs, end me.
But, oh, for thee, for thee, if thou muſt die,
I beg of Heav'n this laſt, this only favour,
To give thy life a painleſs diſſolution:
Oh, may thoſe raviſh'd Beauties fall to Earth
Gently, as wither'd Roſes leave their Stalks:
May Death be mild to thee, as Love was cruel;

Calm

Calm, as the Spirits in a Trance decay:
And ſoft, as thoſe who ſleep their Souls away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Pelopidas, Andravar, *Prieſt*, *incompaſs'd with* Romans.

Pelop. *Romans*, who ſend your Laws far as the Sun
His Beams, and whom the Univerſe beholds
With joy, yet dreads your anger as the Gods,
Why move you to the ruine of this Tyrant,
To the ſure death of bloody *Mithridates*,
As if you fear'd, or car'd not he ſhou'd die?
Can you ſuſpect an Ambuſh? Or that we
Shou'd dare betray you, yielding thus our Perſons,
Our Lives, our Prince himſelf into your hands?
Andr. This man, to whom the ſervile Prieſts bow down,
Who wears a Crown in honour of his place,
And ſacred worth, abandons all his glories
T'atteſt the truth of what we have declar'd.

Enter Pharnaces.

But ſee, the fierce, the brave, the Great *Pharnaces*
Comes on to meet you; waves his Royalties:
Therefore, O mighty *Romans*, give him Audience.
Phar. That I am rough, and of an untaught Spirit,
All the *Eaſt* knows; I ever ſcorn'd thoſe Slaves
With whom I have been bred; and when my Father
Order'd *Barbarian* Princes for my Maſters,
In Arts and Arms, *I* ſpurr'd 'em from my preſence;
And rather choſe, ſince *Rome* might not inſtruct me,
Nature in all my Actions for my Guide.
Hence cou'd I brook more hardly the fierce mind
Of our Inhumane Parent *Mithridates*.
My Eldeſt Brother's Fate did kindle firſt
My fiery Soul to a moſt ſwift revenge;
For when the State of *Boſphorus* demanded
That Prince for King, he bound the gallant Youth
In Golden Chains, and doom'd him to be ſlain
Two more were by his boundleſs fury ſtrangled;
And even the laſt but me, the brave *Ziphares*,
Laſt night was murder'd in the Tyrants Palace:
In whoſe ſad cauſe, the Squadrons which he led
Of late ſo valiantly againſt you *Romans*,

Attend

Attend ſome furlongs hence to joyn your Banners.
If this be true, not to recount the Slaughters
Of all his Queens and poyſon'd Concubines,
I think the World (*Rome* I ſhou'd firſt have nam'd)
Will little cenſure this ſo juſt Revolt.
If you ſuſpect me falſe, behold *Pharnaces*,
Ne're yet detain'd, but free as roving Lions
That ſwept at will like Winds in Deſerts wild;
Behold him, with theſe Noble Hoſtages,
Your Pris'ner to be bound the Slave of *Rome*.
Rom. Capt. Lead us on to Victory.
Omnes. To Victory.
Phar. On then, you Race of Heav'n, you Seed of Gods;
And to immortalize *Pharnaces* Name,
Plant me, like Thunder breaking from this Cloud,
Foremoſt, while all the ratling Engines follow.
Monima, whom this Tyrant raviſh'd from me,
I hear is fled to *Pompey*: Her I ask,
For my reward, with half his ſpreading Empire.
But I waſte words; let's act, and then make claim.
And O remember, when we ſtorm the Town,
Remember that moſt horrid Maſſacre
Of *Aſia*; whet on that your blunted Spirits,
Till with the motion Lightning edge your Souls
To mow off hoary Heads, hurl Infants puling
From the lug'd breaſt, kill in very Womb:
To Beauties cries be deaf, make all *Syncpe*
But one vaſt Grave, to hold the infinite bodies
Which we muſt ſhovel in; and when you ſee
The Head of *Mithridates* in this hand,
Then think who ever dar'd for *Rome* like me,
Or bought an Empire at a price ſo dreadful:
Then yield the Beauty I ſo much deſire,
And all thoſe Crowns to which my thoughts aſpire. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Ziphares, Archilaus.

Ziph. 'Tis late; the gath'ring Clouds like meeting Armies,
Come on apace, and Mortals now muſt die,
Till the bright Ruler of the riſing Day
Creates 'em new: The wakeful Bird of Night
Claps her dark wings to th' Windows of the dying.
General, Good-night.
Arch. Sir, I'll not leave you yet.

I do

I do not like the dusky boding Eve.
Well I remember, Sir, how you and I
Have often on the Watch in Winter walk'd,
Clad in cold Armour, round the ſleeping Camp,
Till cover'd o're from head to foot with Snow,
The Centinels have ſtarted at our march,
And thought us Ghoſts ſtalking in Winding-ſheets:
And do you think I cannot watch you now,
Thus cover'd, and beneath this bounteous Roof?
Sleep, Sir; I'll guard you from ſuſpected danger.

Ziph. Danger! there's none; no ſhadow of a harm:
Dear General, you'l oblige me to retire:
We'll meet to morrow with the earlieſt dawn;
I'm troubled now, and heavy; in the morning,
Soon as you pleaſe, you ſhall have entrance here;
And then, I truſt the bounteous Gods, you'll find
A wondrous alteration. Sleep may charm
My talking griefs, and huſh 'em faſt for ever.

Arch. 'Tis that I fear.——*I* tell you there are Deaths
Brooding this night abroad. A Recluſe Prieſt,
Surpris'd with mortal ſickneſs, was this Evening,
As he himſelf deſir'd, ta'n from his Bed,
And carry'd to the Cloſet of the King:
Where, after ſome cloſe conference, he expir'd.
Immediately your Father Orders gave,
For doubling all his Guards, and went in fury
To *Monima*'s Apartment, where 'twas ſaid
Pharnaces had been gone a while before.

Ziph. I ever thought that Brother moſt ambitious;
But what is this to me?

Arch. What follow'd does
Concern both you and me, and all the *Eaſt*;
For ſtreight, when the ſick Prieſt had breath'd his laſt,
The ſacred Oyl, which for a hundred years
Supplyed the Sun behind the Golden Vail,
Went out, and all the myſtick lights were quench'd;
Strange doleful Voices ſhrilly eccho'd through
The darkned Fane; the Monuments did open,
And all the Marble Tombs, like Spunges ſqueez'd,
Spouted big Sweat: The Curtain was conſum'd
With wondrous flame; and every ſhining Altar
Diſſolv'd to yellow puddle, which anon
A flaſh of thirſty Lightning quite lick'd up.
While through the Streets your murder'd Brothers rode,
Acathias, *Mithridates*, and *Machares*,
And madded all the ſchreaming multitude.
Is not this ſtrange?

Ziph. The Gods reproach my ſlackneſs. [*Aſide.*
'Tis ſtrange! moſt wondrous ſtrange! Once more *I* pray thee
By all our Friendſhip, leave me to my ſelf.
Arch. Ah, Prince, you cannot hide
Your purpoſe from your narrow-ſearching Friend:
I find it, by the ſinking of your Spirits,
Your hollow ſpeech, deep muſings, eager looks,
Whoſe fatal longings quite devour their objects,
You have decreed, by all the Gods you have,
This night to end your Noble Life.
Ziph. Away,
I never thought thee troubleſome till now.
Arch. I care not; ſpite of all that you can do,
I'll ſtay, and weep you into gentleneſs:
Your faithful Souldier, this old doting Fool
Shall be more troubleſome than one that's wiſer.
By Heav'n, you ſhall not hurt your precious life.
I'll ſtay and wait you, wake here till *I* die;
Follow you as a fond and fearful Father
Wou'd watch a deſperate Child.
Ziph. I'll tell thee then,
Since thou wilt tear the Secret from my breaſt,
And dive into the bottom of my Soul,
This night muſt end me: Make not a reply;
'Tis fix'd as faſt and ſure as are my woes.
Did'ſt thou but know what 'tis to love like me,
And to be ſo belov'd; O *Archilaus!*
Yet to be paſt all hope of happineſs,
Of ever taſting thoſe deſired Beauties,
Of any dawn, leaſt glimpſe, or ſpark of comfort,
Did'ſt thou not hate me much, even thou wou'dſt kill me.
Arch. If that my death, (for that indeed's but little)
Cannot once move you from this dreadful deed,
Yet, Prince, your Country, which muſt fall without you,
Your bleeding Country muſt obtain at leaſt,
That you wou'd live to free her from her Foes;
Your Glory calls, your ſinking Father begs,
That you wou'd ſave your Country from the *Romans.*
Ziph. Much I indeed have got by Conqu'ring *Rome.*
And to much purpoſe loſt my deareſt blood!
Much have my wounds deſerv'd; and Heav'n can tell
How Nobly *I* have been rewarded for 'em!
I tell thee, *Archilaus*, *I* have ſworn,
Were *I* to live, I wou'd not fight again:
The world ſhou'd neither better be nor worſe
For me. But *I* waſte time; and to convince thee,
Since thou wilt have the trouble to behold

My

My death, *I* bid thee now farewel for ever.
Arch. Hold, Sir.
Ziph. I will; and talk as calmly to thee
As any dying *Roman* of 'em all:
I have conſider'd well of what I do,
And I will periſh with as little noiſe
As Fate cou'd wiſh, that wou'd not be accus'd.
Arch. I'll follow you.
Ziph. I wou'd intreat thee not;
Thou haſt no ſorrows that are paſt the ſufferance:
And ſure my flying Soul will hang her wing,
When ſhe ſhall feel thy weighty death upon her.
O, *Archilaus*, leave me to my Fate;
If thou muſt ſee me fall, *I* charge thee live,
At leaſt ſo long to tell *Semandra* of me:
Bear her ſome Token of my ill-ſtarr'd Love,
Which Empire cou'd not win to live without her.
Dip in the blood which trickles from my heart
Thy Handkerchief, and bid her keep it for me,
As a Remembrance now and then to mourn me:
Swear to do this.
Arch. This I will do; and, mark me, cruel Prince,
If thus thou violate that Royal Frame,
Tearing the gallant Spirit from his Manſion,
I ſwear by what I tremble at, thy death,
I'll double all thy wounds upon *Semandra*.
Ziph. Ha!
Arch. I'll tear her piece-meal, and ſo hack her limbs,
Thou ſhalt not know her in the other World.
Ziph. Oh torture! dear, good *Archilaus*, hold:
I know thou canſt not mean ſuch cruelty.
Why doſt thou rack me thus, with thoughts in death
That are much heavier ev'n than death it ſelf?
Why doſt thou make my eyes thus ſwim in tears,
I charge thee, do not hurt her; for the ſake
Of all the Gods, be gentle to my Love:
I beg for mercy to the ſoft *Semandra*.
Alas, if ſhe deſerv'd, as ſhe is faultleſs,
She cou'd not bear the wounds, which we can bear.
Arch. Give me your promiſe then, that you will live;
Live but this night, or *I* have ſworn her death.
Ziph. Thou haſt found the means to Charm me into life,
And keep me on the Rack; but no more threats
Againſt *Semandra*: 'Twas unkindly done,
And I grow angry at my Fates delay.
Arch. Why will you be thus forward? Live to night,
Be careful of your ſelf but till the Morn:

Methinks there may be wonders wrought e're then.

Ziph. O *Archilaus!* 'Tis impoſſible:
Had ſhe been Raviſh'd by another Man,
I cou'd have clear'd her with the Villains Blood;
But by my Father touch'd, what Miracle
Can work me into hope? Heav'n here is Bankrupt;
The wondring Gods bluſh at their want of pow'r,
And, quite abaſh'd, confeſs they cannot help me.

Arch. Sure, by yon' lifted Torches, *I* diſcern
Your Father moving this way.

Ziph. Ha: my Father!
How my fleſh trembles! I cou'd do a deed
Wou'd make us both run mad. Draw, *Archilaus*,
Yet ſtay: What Devil ſtarts thus in my blood,
And turns my Reaſon to this maze of folly?
No; let us ſuffer more, if poſſible:
Yet *I* will ſhun his Preſence. Oh you Pow'rs,
Is that a Crime? Anſwer me if it be,
And *I* will meet him, tho' his ſight ſhould blaſt me. [*Exeunt as*

Mithridates, *Captain of the Guards, and Attendants enter.*

Mith. Betray'd! and by my Son! given up a Prey
For the Inſulting *Romans* to devour!
Pharnaces is the Traytor, that *Pharnaces*
Who was t' inherit all that ſpace of Empire
Which *Fortune* gave to this unhappy King!
O Friends, when from the Palace-gate we ſally'd,
And drove the bold Aſſailants through the City,
The Impious Boy Charg'd as *I* foremoſt rode,
And brav'd my Fury with his Bever up;
But, Oh the Gods, *I* who before had crimſon'd
My Arms with Blood of Rebels, *I* who mov'd
With Whirlwinds ſwiftneſs ſtill on every ſide.
And toſt like Leaves the weightieſt Foes about me.
Now ſtood, as if *Gorgonian* Charms had fixt me:
Nor know I more.

Capt. Your Sword, Great Sir, when you
A while had gaz'd on that Audacious Prince,
Fell from your hand, your mighty Spirit left you;
And as ſome famous piece of Antick-work,
When the ſunk Props and waſted Beams decay,
Staggers and nods before the ruine comes:
So wav'd your Royal Fabrick e're it fell;
And as our Arms receiv'd you, curs'd *Pharnaces*,
Born by Ambition to a murder new;
Offer'd a wound, and 'twas with great expence

Of

Of lives, we bore your Body to the Palace.
Mith. My Senſes blaze; my laſt *I* know is come;
My laſt of hours: 'Tis wondrous horrid! Now
My lawleſs love, and boundleſs pow'r reproach me.
But *I* will think no more on't. Come, my Friends,
Let's meet theſe *Romans*, and my Rebel Son;
Let's kill till we are weary, then lye down
And reſt for ever: O 'tis Noble Ruine!
Creatures of vileſt make, upon diſguſt,
With Knives or Cords ſet looſe their Coward Souls;
But we will live in ſpite to grieve the World,
While life will laſt, or any Spirits hold,
O that, like Serpents hewn, we ſtill might move,
Our Limbs lopt off, and kill with every parcel!

Enter Semandra.

Sem. 'Tis done; my Ruine is at laſt reveng'd,
Aud cruel *Mithridates* is no more:
That famous wicked man ſhall kill no more:
Faln is the Murderer, he ſhall love no more
Another's right; ſhall raviſh now no more.
Mith. O horrour! ſnatch me, Furies, from her preſence:
Gape wide, O Earth, and ſwallow me alive.
Sem. *I* go before, and never ſhall we meet
On Earth again, inhumane *Mithridates*;
Yet *I* rejoyce not, be my Witneſs, Heav'n,
At thoſe Calamities that come upon thee;
But think 'em juſt, and with a dread reflection
Behold thy Fate, and wonder at the Gods.
Not but thy Son, my Love, my loſt *Zipharet*,
And I, in lamentable Shapes, made up
By Death's own hand, will tell e'm all thy Story.
For ever thus, thou Raviſher of Honour,
I leave thee to the Vultures of thy Conſcience,
To all the Stings Ambition feels in death,
Or Luſt, the Rape committed. O, you Pow'rs
Make firm my hand, for an Exploit to Crown
My Life, whoſe buſineſs ſhall be quickly done. [*Exit.*
Mith. Away, to Arms, to Arms; plunge deep in blood:
Be quick to die. Were all the *Roman* Piles,
And *Scythian* Darts, and *Parthia*'s poyſon'd Arrows,
Shot through this Body, her words wou'd be more.
I'll not endure't; ruſh to the fatal War:
I wou'd be drunk with Death, and ſteaming Slaughter,
To ſtupifie the ſenſe of inward torment.
Haſte then, and wallow in the murd'ring Field,

Through

Through all the Avenues to battel flie:
They who have liv'd in blood, in blood muſt die. [*Exeunt.*

Trumpets. *Enter* Pelopidas, Andravar, *their Swords drawn, with a Lamp.*

Pelop. Yonder he Sallies, furious for Deſtructions,
And now full ſcope is given to act our buſ'neſs,
And end the ſad *Ziphares.*
Andr. I am glad
The chance is faln to us: To death, nay more,
To Hell I hate him, and to have him ſlain
By any hand but mine, wou'd pall the Murder.
Pelop. The Palace now is drawn
Of all the glittering Hoſt that twinkled here,
Following their King, to ſhoot the Gulph of Ruine:
And it was order'd well by Prince *Pharnaces,*
While with the *Romans* he diſpatch'd his Father,
That we ſhou'd kill his drooping Brother. Ha!
I hear ſome tread! your Lamp muſt wink a while.

Enter Ziphares.

Ziph. Oh, 'tis too much; I never ſhall ſleep more.
How loud the Voice of Fate ſounds every where!
Trumpets and Drums! yet old *Archilaus,*
With grief and watching ſpent, in ſpite of all
Thoſe Tides of Care that ſwell'd e're-while ſo high,
Lies like a Child that braul'd himſelf aſleep.
Iſmenes too, that wept to ſee me mourn,
Falls on his breaſt, and nods his tears away:
So ſleeps the Sea-boy on the Cloudy Maſt,
Safe as a drowzy *Triton,* rack'd with Storms,
While toſſing Princes wake on Beds of Down.
Pelop. 'Tis he; prepare.
Andr. Both periſh, if he eſcape.
Ziph. This darkneſs fills my breaſt with horror: Now,
Now I may do the deed; which done, all's ſure:
It ſhall be ſo, and thus *I* will deceive him.
But then he kills *Semandra.* Whence this light?
Swords! Vizors! what Aſſaſſinates are theſe?
Wou'd they where more, for ruin is my wiſh:
Yet I diſdain to fall by Villains hands. [*Beats 'em off.*

Enter Semandra, *with a Dagger in her hand.*

Sem. Where do I wander in the diſmal Shades

Of

Of this black night? There's not a Soul beneath,
Who dy'd, as *I* muſt do, for fatal Love,
Knows better all the gloomy Arbours there,
Than I each Chamber in this Houſe of Death.
'Twas here the God-like Prince did wooe me firſt,
Sigh'd his firſt Vows, and wept me into Paſſion:
Where ſhall *I* find him, that moſt perfect Soul?
Whoſe whiteneſs will to after-ages anſwer
For all the ſpotted loves of perjur'd men.
Meet him *I* muſt, and run into his arms;
But with a *Roman* blow, which firſt ſhall drive
This Ponyard to my heart: Then, ruſh upon him,
Then claſp him cloſe, then he'll believe me true.

Enter Ziphares.

Ziph. This way the Cowards fly; this way the noiſe goes,
I think thou haſt it there, and canſt not ſcape me.
Sem. I thank the Gods, I ſhall not. Let me kiſs
The hand that kills me. Oh too gracious Heav'n!
Semandra now is happy.
Ziph. Semandra! What;
What ſay'ſt thou? Speak again, thou diſmal voice.
Sem. Oh, that *I* cou'd ſee your face before I die:
Thoſe eyes, where I wou'd look my Soul away.
Ziph. Awake; what ho, *Iſmenes!* Haſte, a light!
Haſte hither, Father, *Archilaus*, haſte!
My heart bodes ruine, we are all undone.

Enter Archilaus, *and* Iſmenes *with a Light.*

Oh, Father, either I am Charm'd, or here
Semandra lies, ſlain by this dreadful hand.
Arch. Our Guardian-ſpirits ſhield us, 'tis my Daughter.
Ziph. Curs'd Fate! malicious Stars! you now have drain'd
Your ſelves of all your poys'nous influence;
Ev'n the laſt baleful drop is ſhed upon me.
Sem. Give me thy hand, moſt matchleſs of thy kind;
O joyn us, Father, joyn us thus in death:
Now thou art mine; and we'll be wedded too
In th'other World; our Souls ſhall there be mixt,
Who knows but there our joys may be compleat?
A happy Father, thou; and I, perhaps,
The ſmiling Mother of ſome little Gods.
Ziph. Oh, *Archilaus*, if thou lov'ſt her memory,
Fly to the King, and let him underſtand
The truth of all: If he be pleas'd to hear her,

Intreat

Intreat him haſte, the pangs of Death are on her.
Arch. I will, if tears will let me find the way:
And, by your leave, theſe Weapons ſhall be mine.
Ziph. That *I* expected. Ha; She faints, *Iſmenes*,
Run to my Cloſet, haſte, where thou wilt find
A Golden Vial of rich Juice, to bring the Spirits
Back to their Seat: Go, pour it in a Bole
With ſpeed, to ſave her. [*Exit. Iſmenes.*
Haſt thou not a word,
A ſyllable, fair Soul? Speak, ſpeak, *Semandra.*
I feel a trembling warmth about thy heart:
It pants.
Sem. As Cowards do before a Battel.
Oh, the Great March is ſounded.
Ziph. Stay thee one moment.

Iſmenes *re-enters with a Bole.*

And *I* will lead thee on. Away, *Iſmenes*;
Watch thou the King's approach, and bring me word. [*Exit Iſm.*
Here, ſeeſt thou this, my Love, look up, *Semandra*,
Thou dying Spark, glimmer a little while;
Behold this Cordial, this ſure warmth at heart,
This faithful Off'ring of Eternal Love.
Sem. Whither, oh where? Death's miſt comes faſt upon me.
What is't you drink?
Ziph. A Draught which makes me thine;
The pow'rful Cordial which my Father gave me,
A Noble Compound of his fatal skill:
He charg'd me, when I cou'd not live with Honour,
To taſte it and be free.
Sem. Methinks your Voice is faint
As diſtant Ecchoes; and *I* am now far off:
Alas, *I* know not where. [*Dies.*
Ziph. I'll fold thee thus,
And *Mithridates* ſhall not part us now:
Fan thus the dying flames with my laſt breath.
She's out: The damp of Death has quench'd her quite:
Theſe ſpicy doors, her lips, are ſhut, cloſe lock'd,
Which never gale of life ſhall open more.
I come. Oh Father! Oh thou true Phyſitian!
Thou work'ſt me Nobly now; and oh 'tis welcome!
Thy Drugs are quick; once more, O Love! I come,
Thou moſt of Life in Death. Ambition, Fame,
'Tis empty all; and nothing but a Name. [*Dies.*

Archilaus, Mithridates *ſupported bleeding*: Pharnaces, Pelopidas, Andravar, *bound.*

Arch. Behold, behold my Lord, how I'm rewarded
For faithful ſervice, for the numerous Scars
Which in your Cauſe have mark'd my aged body!
My Daughter's ſlain. Ha! Let me never riſe,
If that the brave *Ziphares* be not kill'd!
Was this the Cordial, wicked Boy, thou brought'ſt him?
Mith. Blame not the guiltleſs, for by me he's poyſon'd:
By this inhumane Tyrant, Monſter, Parricide;
By me the Drugs were mixt, and dol'd about
To my unhappy Children, leſt ſurpriz'd,
They ſhou'd be born to *Rome* for Royal Slaves.
Arch. Dead! art thou dead, O lovely Royal Plant,
Blown down by guſty Heav'n, in all thy bloom!
My hour is come: and thus *I* follow thee.
Mith. Hold him. What means the frantick General?
Diſarm, and bring him hither. Kneel, O kneel,
Before theſe Bodies.
Arch. What wou'd you, ſacred Sir?
Mith. Swear, ſwear to live.
I have a Royal Race of Little Ones:
Live, *I* Conjure thee, to defend thoſe Infants
From *Roman* Rage; intreat Victorious *Pompey*,
And he'll be gentle to 'em: Swear to live.
Arch. I ſwear; but after that———
Mith. Riſe, and no more.
My blood leaks faſt; and the great heavy lading,
My Soul will quickly ſink; therefore revenge:
Yes, you pale figures, you moſt precious forms,
Who, where you walk, for ſure you tread the Stars,
Shame brighteſt Gods, and add new light to Heav'n,
Firſt, in moſt dreadful manner, will I give
Thoſe Traytors lives, who drew me to your ruine.
Hence, burn the Slaves; the curs'd *Pelopidas*,
And Villain *Andravar*: away with 'em.
For thee———(but ſure *I* ſhall diſdain to name thee)
The Palace yet is ours.
Arch. But cannot long
Be ſo: *Pompey* the great is entred;
And thoſe who took your part, are all revolted.
Mith. Away then; bear him to the middle Turret,
Whoſe Brazen-head riſes above the reſt,
In ſight of *Pompey*, throw him from the top,
And give his moſt aſpiring life an end.

Phar. I know thou canſt not long out-live me, Tyrant.
Accurs'd be Fortune, which too forward bore me
To be thy Prey; and rot the hand that ſeiz'd me:
Yet, when my Ghoſt is from this body daſh'd,
If ſuch a Goblin as a Ghoſt there be,
I'll riſe, and wing the mid-way Air to wait thee;
Hurl'd ſhalt thou be, as *Saturn* was by *Jove*,
And flag beneath me, while *I* reign above.

Mith. O General, behold, and wonder with me.
How ſwiftly Fate can make, or unmake Kings!
How empty is Death's Pomp, compar'd with Life!
Where now are all the buſie Officers,
The ſupple Courtiers, and big Men of War,
That buſtled here, and made a little World?
Revolted all: Support me, for *I* go.
My Soul is on the Beach, and ſtreight muſt launch
Into th' Abyſs of the black Sea of Death,
Where Furies ſtand upon the ſmoaky Rocks,
Prepar'd to meet one greater than themſelves.
Here, lay me bleeding by theſe murder'd Lovers;
And, oh! When *I* am dead, let ſorrow ſtalk
In ſacred ſilence to my gaping Tomb.
Forget that ever *Mithridates* was;
No tongue relate the deeds this hand has done,
Let thought be ſtill, or work beneath the ground!
But oh he's come, cold Tyrant, *I* obey,
And hug thy Dart that bears my Life away. [*Dies.*

FINIS.

Epilogue, by Mr. *Dryden*.

YO've ſeen a Pair of faithful Lovers die:
And much you care; for, moſt of you will cry,
'Twas a juſt Judgment on their Conſtancy.
For, Heav'n be thank'd, we live in ſuch an Age
When no man dies for Love, but on the Stage:
And ev'n thoſe Martyrs are but rare in Plays;
A curſed ſign how much true Faith decays.
Love is no more a violent deſire;
'Tis a meer Metaphor, a painted Fire.
In all our Sex, the name examin'd well,
'Tis Pride, to gain; and Vanity, to tell:
In Woman, 'tis of ſubtil int'reſt made,
Curſe on the Punk that made it firſt a Trade!
She firſt did Wits Prerogative remove,
And made a Fool preſume to prate of Love.
Let Honour and Preferment go for Gold;
But glorious Beauty is not to be ſold:
Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate ſo high,
That nothing but adoring it ſhou'd buy.
Yet the rich Cullies may their boaſting ſpare;
They purchaſe but ſophiſticated Ware.
'Tis Prodigality that buys Deceit;
Where both the Giver, and the Taker cheat.
Men but refine on the old Half-Crown way:
And Women fight, like Swizzers, *for their Pay.*